National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor. Without Concealment....Without Compromise. EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, } Corresponding Editors.

VOL. XI....NO. 27. NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1850. WHOLE NO. 547.

Published Weekly,
BY THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
AT 142 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

Terms:
TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

☞ All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to S. H. Gay, New York

☞ Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society may be forwarded to Francis Jackson, Treasurer, at Boston; or S. H Gay, New York.

Norris & Brother, Printers.

The Southern Press, South.

THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

As the efforts of the opponents of the institutions of the South have been two fold, governmental and through public sentiment, the redress of the South should follow the same course. We have asserted what we would be content with, so far as the action of Congress is concerned. We now submit a few thoughts on the moral agencies, if we may so call them, as contradistinguished from law enactments, by which we may be relieved from those insidious efforts which are gradually undermining the principles of the constitution. One of these agencies is, *non intercourse, socially and commercially.* It requires no new array of facts to show the capacity of the South, and Southwest, for local independence. If they have, from peculiarities of soil and climate, been the great field of staples, without which it is evident the North cannot prosper, it follows that a withdrawal of them must seriously affect her. We have never doubted but that a very large number of Northern people feel just towards us on this question, and would do whatever is politically and socially correct, to remedy the outrages committed. But it is evident that, our own people, in a great measure, have given, and are yet giving occasion for the belief that we are not in earnest in this business. With what hope may editors of the southern press address arguments, or southern patriots struggle for the mastery of justice, and constitutional security, in the face of the fact, that Southrons continue to pay tribute to ther bitterest enemies, and that they are flocking in crowds to the Northern States! Every steamer that leaves our wharves is crowded with absenting Southerners. They go to the Saratogas of the North; and with wonted liberality spend thousands to nourish the adder that stings them. They spend, too, thousands to sustain presses and their issues, which dispense the venom under which Southern privileges, as members of the Union, sicken and expire. Southern industry. Southern scenery. Southern eating and drinking, are all unworthy of support. In the midst of the most shameless attacks on our institutions, in the midst of positive declarations that Slavery must be put down—wiped off as a blemish on the country, even at the expense of the Union and its once sacred Constitution—of open avowals that the Government forces shall circle us, until, overcome by force, we and our ins itutions perish together—we have the humiliating spectacle presented, of Southerners going in numbers to lick the hand which receives their money, but strikes at their best interests. For shame, we say. If one asks, What has become of the greater portion of that fashionable population which, of late, gave vitality to the lovely scenery of our noble Battery, or who partook of the delightful intercourse with old ocean, on the Palmetto Island? The answer is, Gone to the North! We belong to the "Can't get away Club." God bless the "Can't get away Club!" They are displaying their patriotism in the right way, by actions!

We do not, of course, intend to be unjust to those of our citizens, whom the pursuit of pleasure, or sickness, have urged abroad. We are satisfied they have not estimated the value of staying at home, in respect to this question. We have no jealousy, no envy, of our Northern friends. Many, very many, of them are faithful to us. But their influence is weak, amidst the din of the Fanatics around them. If the Southern people were to make it a principle, until this question is settled, not to spend one cent there; not to go there; the better part of the Northern population would be supported in their just sentiments, by being enabled to show the Anti-Slave traitors the consequences of their agitations; and these last would be brought to their senses. The very shortest route to reason lies through the pocket. Who will set the example in this worthy and effective measure of non-intercourse? If men will not see and act upon our suggestion, we will look to the women. They have never hesitated to make a sacrifice in favor of patriotism and love of country. The warm blood of a Motte, and many other illustrious women of Revolutionary fame, still flows in the veins of Carolina's fair daughters. Here is a case in which they can powerfully exercise their influence. Let the wives, mothers, sisters, and sweethearts, of Carolina men refuse to go to the North; and we venture, the men who are here will continue to stay, and those who are gone will immediately come back; if they do not, we pledge ourselves to perform all the gallantries of the absentees. We will do that, which is the highest proof of a gentleman's gallantry, carry the band boxes. Seriously, we are very sure that the most efficient means of counteracting the attacks to which we have alluded is the plan suggested. There are many things against which law cannot provide a guard, but which are exceedingly injurious to Southern interest. The remedy lies in the direction we have indicated.—*Charleston (S. C.) News.*

THE SOUTH AND ITS POLICY.

Did you ever attempt to form an estimate of the Southern money that is almost thrown away at the North in the one single item of traveling, with its attendant expenses? Did you ever then go on to consider how much of injury to the South annually resulted from the same single cause, and how much of good would result from a change in this respect? If not, indulge me for a moment, if you please, in a little speculation on the subject.

I suppose it may with perfect safety be estimated that thirty thousand persons from the Southern States visit the North every summer, and that they expend each one upon an average, the sum of about three hundred and fifty dollars north of Mason and Dixon's line. Here then is an aggregate of over ten millions of dollars every year withdrawn, as it were, from the South and transferred to the North. It becomes then Northern capital, it is added to Northern means, it goes towards swelling Northern wealth, it expands the means and widens the objects of Northern industry, it builds up Northern factories, enlarges Northern cities, gives employment to Northern labor and thus tends to swell the Northern population, to add to the number of Northern votes, and increase the political power of that section of country. This ten millions of dollars annually added to Northern capital, may be considered as entering into all their pursuits where capital is required. The profit made by the employment of that capital goes into Northern pockets. The result of its employment is the production at the North of all sorts of articles which are desired by the South, the furnishing of all kinds of inducements which may tempt the Southerner who is in search of pleasure, pecuniary profit, intellectual enjoyment, or the gratification of a cultivated taste, to renew his visit to that portion of the land.

The ten millions this year, become next year twenty, and at the end of five years fifty millions considered without reference to the accumulating profits derived from an enterprising and judicious use of the money, and considered also without reference to the increased amount of travel and the thereby increased amount of revenue annually accruing from a judicious management of the fund. When these things too are taken into the account, the amount of Southern money which has been from this single source and its consequences turned into Northern capital, would in the course of a few years become almost incalculable.

What consequences then, let me ask, arise to the South from this same source. First, each years' traveling at the North begets a desire for a repetition of the same pleasures, and a new view of the same, or still newer novelties—a recounting of the incidents of the travel, the variety of sights, the differences in the manners and habits of the people and of the appearance of men and things at the North, extends to listeners at the South a desire to enjoy the same pleasures, and that desire is almost sure to find its gratification in the same course of traveling on the part of these new listeners. Thus the evil widely and rapidly spreads from one to another, and from generation to generation throughout the South This Northern traveling becomes a *universal habit of the South.* Vast sums of money are expended in its gratification by the citizens of the South. They are tempted to the expenditure of their money by all sorts of inducements appealing to their senses, their habits, their tastes and even their intellects, and which will not be denied. The money thus from year to year expended, goes towards increasing the temptations to add to the travel and expenditures of the year succeeding. In this way the evil results to the South go on increasing in almost geometrical progression, until in the end the people of the South may come to lose all attachment for their homes and become but, as it were, *a migratory population.* The attractiveness of the South will then be found to be destroyed, its means and resources exhausted, its industry ruined, its capital gone, its whole energies utterly prostrated, and its very existence dependent upon the will of those into whose hands the citizens of the South will, in fact, by their improvidence have surrendered themselves.

Let us turn from this picture, however, to see what would be the effect of a firm and universal determination on the part of Southern men to stay at home and employ their means and resources in building up their own section of the country in preference to all others and in every practicable manner. Undoubtedly, as I fear, much harm has been already done, but it may not yet be too late to retrieve the past. If, then, Southerners remain at home, the ten millions per annum now expended at the North will remain in the South. It will be so much permanent capital each year added to the wealth of the South. It will at once, or in a very short time, be seeking investments as capital. The industrious portions of the community *now* amongst us can then readily procure the capital they now need to conduct with spirit and effect their various branches of business, while *others*, seeing their success, will be tempted to try their fortunes amongst us also.

There will soon be capital to invest in railroads, which will themselves give an impetus to trade. There will be money to invest in manufactures. Those manufactures must draw a portion of the operations from the North, thus adding to our population, while diminishing that of the North. Southern people would soon find themselves possessed of capital to invest in every scheme that promised either profit or pleasure at home. They would acquire new and stronger attachments to their homes, and become unwilling to leave them. Would be desirous to promote, as they would have also the means of promoting, all sorts of domestic industry, instead of sending to the North for their accustomed luxuries and comforts. Very soon the persons who, under the present state of things, reside at the North, and from thence send their productions to us, would be found coming out and dwelling amongst us, to supply us with those things on the spot. The population, wealth, and power (physical and political) of the South would thus rapidly increase, until, ere long, we should find all trace of any thing like dependence gone, our rights acknowledged and forever placed beyond dispute.

It is demanded, then, how is the evil here deprecated to be removed? and how the good proposed to be secured? I answer, by the force and efficiency of *associations.* The two evils, viz: 1st, Southern dependency upon the North for its articles of necessity and of luxury; and, 2d, Southern love of traveling and of sight-seeing at the North, are now so closely connected together, that it is entirely impracticable to separate the one from the other. Associations, then, should be formed, which shall embrace, at the same time, the two objects: discouragement on the one hand to all Southern travel at the North, unless in cases of absolute and imperative duty or necessity; and on the other hand, encouragement of all manner of domestic industry of every practicable and lawful means whatsoever. It will not do to attempt to accomplish the object by *individual* action or *individual* determination. It must be done by association or not at all. Individuals are weak, associations powerful. The will of an individual may fluctuate, the determinations of an association are subject only to be changed by the will of a majority. Individuals, while they remain disconnected and isolated, can only act alone and without concert. Associations, to act at all, must act in concert, and hence their actions are clothed with power and influence, and produce the desired effect just in proportion to the extent of the association and the number of individuals embraced within it. The action of an individual would scarcely be seen or felt even in a small community, while the action of an association may control a nation.

The primary association to be organized according to the idea thus proposed, would have for its objects, 1st, The encouragement of domestic industry of all sorts, and in every practicable mode: 2d, The establishment of other associations with the same objects, throughout every part and portion of the Southern States, and such association thus organized, to labor also for the establishment of similar ones, until, if possible, the name of every citizen of the South should be found upon their rolls; 3d, To provide a fund, to be used, first in defraying all expenses of each association, and any surplus then remaining, to be applied towards the aiding and encouraging of Southern industry, either by loan or gift, or otherwise, according to the circumstances of each particular case; 4th, To promote a determination on the part of all Southern men, as far as by any means possible, to seek their business, recreation, health and pleasure, within the limits of the Southern States.

This would probably be all I should expect to have embraced within the objects of the association. For the proper steps with regard to all other matters, I would myself prefer to leave them to the decision of a Southern convention, to be held as heretofore proposed, if it be practicable to have such a convention held.—*Cor. Mobile Register.*

THE SOUTH.—MASSACHUSETTS.

No man can accuse us of having any sympathy with those who have pandered to the dangerous agitation of the day. It has been our aim to assist in frowning into silence the fanatics of both sections, and in calming the troubled waves of sectional strife. There breathes not that individual who exceeds us in devotion to that Union which was framed by patriotism and virtue, and under which we have attained to such a pitch of national prosperity and greatness. It was with a bounding heart that we hailed the recent adoption of the measures of adjustment, which, however short they fell of doing entire justice and satisfaction to the South, *did* bid fair to restore tranquility to a distracted country, and to dissipate the gloom that loomed over and around her future pathway. But the fires of Fanaticism are not easily extinguished; its cormorant appetite is not easily appeased; it knows no moderation, it listens to no reason, it stops at no obstacle. At a moment when there was a prospect of repose—when the whole South, with the exception of a few restless and mischievous spirits, was prepared to acquiesce in the settlement of her disputes with the North by Congress, the vile demon of Abolitionism, alarmed at the idea of losing its occupation re-gathers its strength, musters anew its fell array, and is now shaking the pillars of the Union to its utmost centre. The entire North, with honorable and patriotic exceptions here and there, presents a scene of madness and lawlessness that should nerve the spirit of resistance within the breast of every man who has any regard for the security of our institutions. It is a matter of consolation to us, in this alarming crisis, that the peril of the Union cannot be chargeable to the South, and that if a dissolution should happen to follow from a refusal of the North to execute the provisions of the Fugitive Law, or a repeal of that Law, the South will have JUSTICE on her side—aye, and DUTY will be her motive and her incentive!

"Possessions vanish and opinions change,
And passion holds a fluctuating seat.
But, subject neither to eclipse nor wane,
DUTY REMAINS!"

But it is of the State of Massachusetts that we design to say a few words; for, there it is, that the law of the land is most daringly defied. It will be recollected that not long since a large meeting was held in Lowell, in which three fugitive slaves were invited to return to that town, and the meeting guaranteed that they should not be given up to their owners. More recently, our readers have marked with indignation the excitement in Boston on account of the appearance of an officer there with warrants for the recovery of fugitives, and the arrest and indictment of two citizens of the South. The following hand-bill, which was extensively circulated throughout Boston, will give an idea of the inflammatory state of public feeling existing there:—

[Here follows the handbill, which was posted in the streets, during the excitement, headed "Slave Hunters in Boston."]

In past-times, we have felt an attachment for Massachusetts. Who has not felt his blood flow faster in his veins in reading the history of her participation in the Revolutionary struggle? Who has not admired the public and private enterprise which has dotted her surface with towns, and covered the face of her country with railways? What Whig heart, especially, has not yearned towards her, in bygone days, for her overwhelming victories and undeviating reliability? Alas! "how have the mighty fallen!" The State of Massachusetts is now the hot-bed of Fanaticism, Abolitionism, and all other vile and destructive *isms* that infest our social and political organization. While a *political* connexion with such a State might be endured, in view of the benefits that such a connexion would confer on other and unoffending States, we do hold that it is *wrong* and *degrading* to maintain any *social* or *commercial* intercourse, whatever, with those who are warring against our interests and trampling our rights ruthlessly under foot.

Our object in penning the article, therefore, is in imitation of our Richmond contemporaries, to suggest to the people of the South, to the people of North Carolina especially, whether the present would not be a favorable opportunity to form associations resolving no longer to purchase any productions of Massachusetts labor. "If such a course requires any sacrifices, we ought to be as willing to make them as our fathers were in the Revolution. A people who are incapable of self-sacrifice, do not deserve to be free, and will sooner or later lose their independence."—*Raleigh (N. C.) Register.*

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

A late number of the *Mobile* (Ala.) *Register* contains the following, which breathes the true Southern patriotic feeling. Should all other Southern presses follow the example of the *Register*, it would not be long before parents and guardians would take a common-sense view of the matter and patronize institutions at home, and thus advance the respectability as well as interests of the South. The truth is, that many of them sending their children abroad to be educated, are influenced more by feelings of ostentation and ambition, than a proper regard for the true interests of their offspring, or those of the community in which they reside. After spending sometime in what they are taught to consider the only *fashionable* institutions and society of the country, many of them return to their homes *unsouthernized*—if we may be permitted to coin a word—with notions so inflated with the superior advantages they conceive they have enjoyed, as to render them discontented with their position, and cause them to regard with contempt they take little pains to conceal, the manners and habits of the domestic circle. This is more especially observable in southern females who have spent several years in northern boarding schools, but many a male also, assumes to himself no little importance from the fact that he received his "sheep skin" from some northern institution of learning. Economy, common-sense, patriotism, and a proper self-respect, alike demand that we discontinue a custom tacitly involving an acknowledgment of inferiority. If our institutions are not as richly endowed, and supplied with as learned faculties as those at the north whose fault is it but our own? Give to southern schools the *entire* southern patronage, and they will soon rival, perhaps take the lead of those of the north, and "become the fashion" in their turn. Let parents and guardians look to these things, and reflect how much money they expend in spoiling many of their children and wards, by giving them supercilious airs which render them not only unamiable, but unpopular with the social circle. But let us hear our Mobile contemporary:—*Memphis (Tenn.,) Appeal.*

Northern Schools.—The last mail brought us a letter from Saratoga, N. Y., subscribed "An Alabamian," the object of which is to commend to Southern patronage, a law school in successful operation in that State. We decline the publication of the letter, because we are opposed to the encouragement of northern institutions of learning by Southern patronage. There is too much of this done. It is to this cause that the languishing condition of our own schools and the dearth of them is justly attributable. And now when the southern people are striking out item after item of the long catalogue of matters and things for which we are dependent on the north, we go for still further reductions of the list, rather than contribute to a reactionary movement. The theme is one on which we are tempted to dilate to show how suicidal we have been to our own interests and prosperity in times past, in this important particular. But the subject has been so often presented to our readers that we can add nothing to its impressiveness. We shall consult our safety, and the preservation of the principles of southern youth, by educating them at home.

New Bedford—We yesterday copied a paragraph from a Northern Abolition print which stated that there were about seven hundred fugitive slaves resident in that place, and inviting additions to the number. This we thought sufficiently pregnant of meaning by itself, but we have since been reminded that it has a more direct and immediate application to our friends of the seaboard, in this State and Georgia, than we were at the time aware of. We have been shown a list of some of the Northern coasters which were engaged in our trade last winter, and find that no less than twenty-one vessels of that class hail from the ports of New Bedford, Fall River, and Sipicon, all in the immediate neighborhood, and within a few miles of each other—This fact will go far to account for the seven hundred runaway negroes under Quaker protection at New Bedford.

We have seen that Charleston alone paid last year from $40,000 to 50,000 tribute to these Friends; but not satisfied with taking our income, they have already abducted a large share of our capital. The seven hundred fugitives stolen from us are worth on an average $600 each, and the aggregate is $420 000; a very handsome contribution by the planters on the seaboard of Georgia and South Carolina for the blessings of the Union, and the privilege of calling citizens of New Bedford "brethren."

As a matter of information we annex the names of the vessels alluded to:—1, Henry Clay, of New Bedford; 2, Pearl, do; 3. Mediator, do; 4, Savannah, of Fall River; 5, Wm. Russell, do; 6, Florida, do; 7, Jane P. Glover, of New Bedford; 8, Meridian of Fall River; 9, Geo. Hotchkiss, of New Bedford. 10, Carrier, of Fall River; 11, Geo. Gibbes, do; 12. Pangassel, do; 13, Hopeton, of Sipicon; 14, John Fraser, do; 15, Altamaha, do; 16, Hume, of Fall River; 17, Corella, of New Bedford; 18 Nile, of Fall River; 19, Corinna, do; 20, Wando Passo, of Fall River; 21, Stranger, of New Bedford.—*Charleston Mercury.*

Selections.

IMPRISONMENT OF COLORED SEAMEN.

We give below a portion of the documentary evidence laid before the Senate by Mr. Winthrop for the purpose of substantiating the statements made by him, in the celebrated debate upon the imprisonment of colored seamen. It fully sustains Mr. Winthrop, and should cover with shame the Senators who, with such effrontery, denied his statements. Such facts are familiar to our Anti-Slavery readers, but the evidence from such parties is worth preserving. John N. Pearson's letters are curiosities We are sorry for him. The Christian rule of returning good for evil does not work well with him. He does all he can to conciliate Southern brethren; he sends back their slaves; but they will persist in stealing his "niggers."

Judge Johnson's opinion, though frequently published, is worth re-publishing as containing the opinion of a judge of the Supreme Court of South Carolina upon the constitutionality of a law which Massachusetts sent Mr. Hoar to Charleston to test. —*Boston Republican.*

EXTRACT FROM THE LAW OF LOUISIANA.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Louisiana, in General Assembly convened,—That from and after the time specified in this act, (viz six months after its passage,) no free negro, mulatto, or person of color shall come into this State on board of any vessel or steamboat, as a cook, steward, mariner, or in any employment on board said vessel or steamboat, or as a passenger; and in case any vessel or steamboat shall arrive in any port or harbor, or landing on any river of this State, from any other State or foreign port, having on board any such free negro, mulatto or person of color, the harbor-master or other officer having charge of such port, or any person or persons residing at or near said landing, shall forthwith notify the nearest judge or justice of the peace in the parish in which said port or harbor or landing is situated, of the arrival of said vessel or steamboat, whereupon the said judge or justice of the peace shall immediately issue a warrant to apprehend and bring every such free negro, mulatto, or person of color before him, and on the execution of said warrant by bringing before him such free negro, mulatto, or person of color, he shall forthwith commit him or her to the parish jail, there to be confined until said vessel or steamboat shall be ready to proceed to sea or to her place of destination, when the master or commander of such vessel or steamboat shall by the written permit or order of the said judge or justice of the peace, take and carry away out of this State every such free negro, mulatto, or person of color, and pay the expenses of his or her apprehension and detention. (16 March, 1842.)

EXTRACT FROM THE LAW OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Section 3. And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, that if any vessel shall come into any port or harbor of this State, from any other State or foreign port, having on board any free negroes or persons of color, as cooks, stewards, mariners, or in any other employment on board of said vessel, such free negroes or persons of color shall be liable to be seized and confined in jail, until such vessel shall clear out and depart from this State; and that, when said vessel is ready to sail, the captain of said vessel shall be bound to carry away the said free negro or person of color, and to pay the expenses of his detention; and in case of his neglect or refusal so to do, he shall be liable to be indicted, and, on conviction thereof, shall be fined in a sum not less than one thousand dollars, and imprisonment not less than two months; and such free negroes or persons of color shall be deemed and taken as absolute slaves, and sold in conformity to the provisions of the act passed on the 20th day of December, one thousand eight hundred and twenty, aforesaid. (1 Dec. 1822.)

DEPOSITION OF CAPT. RANLETT.

I, Charles A Ranlett, of Charlestown, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, ship-master, on oath depose and say:—

In the month of August, in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-seven, I was master of the barque Marblehead, of Boston, bound from Matanzas to St. Petersburg, with a cargo of sugar, belonging to Robert C. Hooper, of Boston, and Messrs. Davis & Brooks of New York. The vessel foundered at sea, and I took to my boat with my crew of fourteen men, of whom two were free colored men. We found a brig, called the Howell, a packet trading between Havannah and Charleston, abandoned by the master, officers and crew, except the cook, a Portuguese and a boy of about seventeen years of age, neither of whom could read or write, and consequently were entirely incapable of navigating the ship. The cargo consisted of coffee, cigars, fruit and a small quantity of specie, but she was mainly in ballast. In getting on board I lost my boat with all that was in her, including my chronometer.

I ordered the wreck of the masts and spars to be cut away, rode out a gale on the banks at a single anchor, rigged jurymasts, and ran for Charleston, where the vessel had been destined. I found the bills of lading, secured the specie, and prevented depredations on the cargo. I arrived off the bar of Charleston in a hurricane, when no pilots could come out, and ran in over the bar without one. I delivered the vessel to the owners, Messrs. John L. Pezant & Co. The case was laid before the Chamber of Commerce of Charleston, who gave me a certificate on parchment, under the seal of the Chamber of Commerce, a copy of which is annexed hereto, and decided that I should have for my services two hundred and fifty dollars, and my mate one hundred dollars, and each of my crew twenty-five dollars.

On the morning of my arrival at Charleston, when I had been up the wharf into the city, I found, on my return, that my two colored seamen had been taken off by the public authorities, and cast into prison. Whether they were carried away in handcuffs I do not know, but that is the way in which I have often seen colored seamen carried to prison from Northern vessels, under such circumstances.

It was necessary for me to return immediately to the North, and I remained but a few days in Charleston. Before leaving I made inquiries of the public authorities as to the release of these men. I was informed (and so I believe the law to be) that a master who brings free colored seaman into a port in South Carolina, must take them away again in his vessel when it is ready for sea, they remaining in prison in the meantime; and that they cannot be released except to go on board the ship when she is ready to sail. I had no ship, and these men were no longer of my crew. I could not, therefore, procure their release, and I was obliged to leave them in prison. I paid each of them twenty-five dollars which was much more than enough to pay their jail fees, and spoke to the masters of Northern vessels lying there, to take them away with them when they should sail, some of whom promised me that they would attend to them.

I further depose and say, that since the laws have prohibited the taking of free colored seamen into Southern ports, I have never taken any except in this instance, which was involuntarily.

I have frequently seen free colored seamen taken from vessels and put in prison, while lying in Southern ports.

CHARLES A RANLETT.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Suffolk, ss. September 18th. A. D. 1850.

Then personally appeared the above named Charles A. Ranlett, and made oath that the above statement by him subscribed is true.

Before me,

JOHN P. BIGELOW,
Justice of Peace, and Mayor of Boston.

Boston, 13th Sept. 1850.

Dear Sir:—I notice that many Southern gentlemen deny the truth of the imprisonment of the free blacks who go in our ships to their ports. This is too notorious to be denied by any one. For years, there has not been a colored cook or steward, on board our ships, who have not on their arrival at New Orleans, been put into prison, and there kept till the vessel was ready for sea, and then taken out, by paying their board and all prison expenses, —thus depriving us of their services, and leaving us to hire others to do their work, while in port. This has caused more feeling, and made more Abolitionists among shipowners, than anything else, because it deprives Americans of their liberty, which is unconstitutional. If they had passed their laws, that no free colored seaman should be allowed on shore without a pass or in charge of some officer of the ship, there would be no particular objection.

Some three or four years since, I sent two slaves back to New Orleans, who had secreted themselves on board my ship, and which cost me from four to five hundred dollars, and for which I have had much obloquy poured out on me by public-speakers in Faneuil Hall, and from certain prints which you are familiar with. I have thus shown by my acts, that I have been for upholding the Constitution; but so long as these obnoxious Southern laws are in force, it cannot be expected that much effort will be made to return fugitive slaves.

If it should be found necessary to sustain you in your remarks, certificates could be forwarded of *more than one thousand imprisonments, within three years, at the port of New Orleans alone.*

Yours respectfully,
JOHN H. PEARSON.

Hon. R. C. Winthrop.

Boston, 18th Sept, 1850.

Dear Sir,—In regard to the imprisonment of our free colored seamen, it is too notorious for any Southerner to deny, and instead of names, I enclose you two Bills, which I paid at New Orleans last year and the present, which speak for themselves; also, one account of ship "Tiber," at Charleston; and they are only a sample of hundreds which I can produce, and which it would only lumber up your desk and the mail to forward. I hope you will be able to have this obnoxious law rescinded, which would allay much of the asperity of those interested in commerce. Owing to this trouble, all the ships leaving the Eastern ports avoid taking colored persons, and have to employ white persons of all kindred and tongues for cooks and stewards, and they are in such demand that they generally have from 4 to 6 dollars a month more than colored But when vessels are bound to Europe and other parts of the world, they take colored persons, not knowing that they may proceed from thence to some Southern port. This was the case with the "H. Eddy." She went from Rio to New Orleans, and the bills show the fate of her blacks and the great expense to those concerned.

Yours respectfully,
JOHN H. PEARSON.

Hon. R. C. Winthrop.

New Orleans, April 9th, 1849.

Ship Annah Eddy, To Parish Prison—Dr.*
For maintenance of two free men of color,
25 cents, $21 50
" admission and discharge, 3 00
" Recorder's fees, Municipality No. 2, 5 00
" medical attendance,
" clothing,
$29 50

Chas. Kilshaw, Deputy Sheriff.

*Jno. H. Pearson, owner.

New Orleans, April 2d, 1850.

Ship Annah Eddy, To Parish Prison—Dr.
For maintenance of one free man of color
23 days at 50 cents, $11 50
" admission and discharge, 1 50
" Recorder's fees, Municipality No. 2, 5 00
" medical attendance, visits at $ per visit,
" clothing,
" hospital days at 12 1-2 per day
$18 00

Received payment,
Chas. Kilshaw, Sheriff.

Rec'd of Mr. Barrett, Six Dollars, amount of fees and costs for William Little.
New Orleans, March 8th, 1850. C.V. Joule, Clerk.
Fees for imprisonment of the Steward. J. H. P.

Rec'd, New Orleans, April 4th, 1850, from Barnett & Hayward, Twenty-two Dollars, for Twenty-two days, as Cook and Steward, in full of all demands, from Ship Annah Eddy.
$22. GEORGE HOOPER.
The above is bill for services to supply the one in prison.
J. H. Pearson.

Charleston, S. C.

Ship Tiber, Capt Cowell, To A. H. Brown—S. C. D
Sept. 15, 1841—To arrest, registry, dieting, &c., of Samuel Murray, colored seaman, $15 06
Constable, 1 00
$16 06

Rec'd payment,
JOHN D. MILLER, for Sh'ff.

Arrest,	$2 00
Registry,	2 00
Recogn.,	1 00
Affi't.,	31
Key,	1 00
Maintenance,	8 75
Constable,	1 00
	$16 06

Boston, Sept., 19th, 1850.

Hon. Robert C. Winthrop:

Dear Sir—I have just been reading your speech on the subject of the unfair, unconstitutional and inhuman laws of the South on the imprisonment of our free colored seamen, who may visit them, in the line of their calling, or be driven there by stress of weather.

I will premise what I am about to say, by stating that I am no Abolitionist, and have but a poor opinion of the "ultras" of that sect. I am certain, they have done much to injure the cause they appear so zealous to promote.

I spent the last winter in New Orleans, and while there, I had two ships arrive, one of which was commanded by a Captain Sampson. He had a colored cook and steward, the latter long and well known here, as a most faithful and honest man, having a wife and family, and but little if any darker in complexion than many of the Saxon race, but having a slight curl in his hair,—just enough to betray him. As I understand the laws of Louisiana, it becomes the Captain's duty, if he has colored seamen on board, to make the fact known to the municipal authorities on his arrival, in default of which he is liable to a fine $500. This having been done, both cook and steward were taken to jail, where they remained some weeks, fed upon ship soup and bread only, unless supplied from the ship's table;—accompanied by thieves, and rogues of all classes,—fifty cents per day being exacted for this miserable fare,—besides jail fees, to what amount, I do not know. In the meantime the Captain was compelled to hire a cook and steward, at a high rate of wages. The manly steward shed tears, when he found there was no escape from this usage. The ship from which this outrage was committed bore your honored name.

Since writing thus far, one of my Captains, who commanded the ship Sophia, reminds me, that on approaching our coast some few years since, he was overtaken by a violent gale, in which his ship sprung a-leak, and the crew being exhausted, and the leak increasing, they were taken off by the ship Russell Glover, and carried to New Orleans, where the cook of the Sophia, and a sick colored seaman, that was put on board by our Consul at Valparaiso were both taken to prison, where the Captain was compelled to give bonds, that they should be taken out of the State. The cook was taken from jail by a friend of the Captain, and a berth provided for him *but what became of the sick man, he never knew*, although he deputed some one to see the needful done for him.

Please excuse this hasty scrawl, written in the bustle and hurry of business, and believe me,

Yours sincerely,
BENJAMIN BANGS.

Boston, Sept. 20, 1850.

Hon. R. C. Winthrop:

Dear Sir—I notice in the report of the debate in the Senate that Mr. —— appeared to contradict your statement "that by the laws of Louisiana the stewards and cooks of negro blood arriving at the port of New Orleans had been imprisoned," though in another part of the debate he speaks of the law in question as a *necessary police regulation.* His remark "that negro stewards and cooks have not been removed from vessels at anchor in the river," has, I apprehend, no bearing on the subject. Vessels bound to New Orleans, do not anchor in the river, if it can be avoided as it is not considered safe so to do. They are made fast to the Levee, the connexion being by a brow or causeway from the shore. Long timbers are extended from shore to the ship, on which planks are laid, and on this brow (so called) the cargo is laden or unladen. Usually there are two or three ships in a tier, and perhaps the second ship may be sixty feet from the shore, but whether more or less, the right to imprison is, I apprehend the same.

On the arrival of a ship at the Levee, that portion of the crew being, negroes are immediately sent to prison, there to remain until the vessel leaves, when on payment of fees they are returned.

I enclose a bill showing the amount paid by Captain Pike, of Ship Bowditch, for the imprisonment of Charles Williams, negro cook of said vessel.

At New Orleans, the imprisonment of negro cooks and stewards is so well understood that I did not think any one would attempt to dispute the fact.

Is the imprisonment above mentioned a necessary and justifiable regulation? This, I take it, is the point at issue.

Very respectfully, yours, &c.
THEODORE CHASE.

Ship Bowditch, Pike, Master,
To 2d M'y Police Prison—Dr.
To fees as per tariff on Charles Williams,*
f. m. c. $6 25
Bond on " 1 00
$7 25

New Orleans, May 23d, 1847.
Rec'd payment,
N. H. HACKETT,
per E. WELSH.

*Negro cook.

Boston, Sept, 21, 1850.

Hon. R. C. Winthrop:

Dear Sir—I have been very much pleased in reading your defence of our poor colored cooks and stewards, that have been taken by force and plunged into dungeons without having committed any crime, except that their skins were a little darker than ours. I could only wish that you should have been furnished with a great number of cases that have come under my knowledge. This if necessary, you shall have before you return again to Washington. I had a case in my ship Hercules, in Charleston, where my captain offered bonds to any amount, that if his cook or steward stepped on the wharf, or had any communication with the shore or slaves, that they might be taken; but no, this would not answer, and they were both taken by force to jail, when they were kept five weeks, until the ship was discharged and loaded, and then had to pay their board, and I was under the necessity of hiring a cook and steward during the time the ship was there.

Respectfully your friend,
and obedient servant,
BENJAMIN RICH.

Salem, Mass., Sept. 24, 1850.

Sir—I have the honor to state, that, in the year 1823, while in command of the brig Lion, of Salem, I arrived at Charleston S. C., on the 7th day of October of that year, from the port of Havre de Grace, in France, that one among my crew was John Charles, a citizen of Massachusetts, acting in the capacity of cook and steward; that on the 8th day of October, the said John Charles was taken from on board my vessel, by the Sheriff of the city of Charleston, and committed to the prison in that city.

The following is a true copy of the bill for his board and expenses charged to, and paid by me, as per a receipt endorsed on the back of it:

Charleston Gaol, 1823.

Fees for John Charles, from the 8th of October to the 20th of October, being 13 days, at 37 1-2 cents per day,	$4 871-2
Key,	1 061-4
	$5 931-2

Received payment, Samuel Hyrns, per
H. M Hyrns.

On the back of said bill is the following endorsement:

Received the within from Capt. Felt, of brig Lion.
H. M. Hyrns.

On the 20th October, 1823, the day of the discharge of said John Charles from the Charleston city prison, I received a receipt, a copy of which I annex:

Charleston, S. C. 20th October, 1823

Received of Captain Felt, two dollars, for taking up a free person of color out of brig Lion, under the Act of 1822, for Sheriff C. D.

Thomas P. Harvey.

I would further say, that notwithstanding the charge of 37 1-2 cents per day which I was informed was for board, the man complained to me that he was not supplied with victuals sufficient to sustain him, and I then provided him meat and bread from my own stores.

The foregoing facts I am ready to declare under the solemnity of an oath.

Respectfully, one of your constituents
JONATHAN P. FELT.

Hon. R. C. Winthrop, Senate of the U. S.

Boston, Sept., 21st, 1850.

Hon. R. C. Winthrop:

Sir—I take the liberty of forwarding the enclosed, thinking that they may be of use to you on the subject of imprisonment of free colored men at New Orleans. I presume every ship owner who has had vessels at the South can procure similar vouchers. You will observe that they are dated 1848 and 1850.

I should not wish to have my name used in connexion therewith, nor would it be necessary, as the name of the ship, as expressed upon the bill for jail fees, would, I presume, be quite sufficient.

Respectfully your obt serv't,

New Orleans, March 11, 1850.

Ship Ariosto, To Parish Prison Dr.
For maintenance of one Free Man of Color, 3 days at 50 cents, $1 50
" Admission and discharge, 1 50
" Recorder's Fees, Municipality No 2, 5 00
" Medidal Attendance, visits at $ per visit,
" Clothing,
" Hospital days at 12 1-2 per day,
$8 00

Received Payment,
CHARLES KILSHAW, Sheriff.

Ship Ariosto and owners, To Parish Prison, Dr.
For Jail Fees as per tariff on David Lawrence, confined from 6th to 28th March inclusive, $13 00

Received Payment,
C. K. WISE
Deputy Sheriff and Jailor.

New Orleans, March 28th 1845.

STATEMENT SENT FROM SALEM, MASS.

On the 10th of last January, the barque Europa, Capt. Nathaniel Brown, sailed from Boston. On the fourth day out, she was dismasted, and on the 6th of Feb. put into Savannah, in distress. On the 10th, Capt. B writes to his owners in this city as follows: "The authorities of the place have taken from me the steward and cook, and placed them in jail for safe keeping, and I have been obliged to hire two others, at 75 cents each per day." The entire expense to the owners, for jail fees, hire of substitutes, &c., was between one hundred and fifty and

one hundred and sixty dollars. We have before us the originals of the jail bills, and subjoin copies, as curiosities, viz:

Capt Nathaniel Brown, and owners of the ship Europa, 1850 *To Thomas B. Maxwell*—Dr.
Feb. 7th. To carrying to the jail of Chatham County, George Johnson, (steward) and Edward Johnson (cook), $2 50
Rec'd Payment,
THOS. B. MAXWELL.

Messrs. Cohen & Fosdick, for barque Europa, *To Savannah Jail*—Dr.
For maintenance and fees of-George and Edward Johnson, stewards, $2 50
" key for two,
" rations 36 days, at 47 cts. per day, for 2
" whipping,
" apprehending fee,
" mileage,
" advertising in "Georgian," "Friend of the Family,"
" guard-house fee,
" officers fee,
" blanket,
" physician's fee, G. Johnson, $8 00 } E. Johnson, 7 50 } 15 50
$51 84
Cash advanced by Dep. jailor, 3 05
$54 89
Rec'd payment,
ISAAC D LYON, jailor, C. S

SAVANNAH, March 14, 1850.

Barque Europa and owners, *To Thomas B Maxwell*—Dr.
For bringing from jail, George Johnson, (steward) and Edward Johnson, (cook). $3 00
Drayage of their clothes, 50
Rec'd Payment,
THOS. B. MAXWELL.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment....Without Compromise.

NEW YORK: THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1850

A DREAM I HAD.

I read one fine evening how Socrates,
Making ready for old Davy's locker at ease,
So grandly contrived a reply to
The reasons and temptings of Crito,
Who urged 't would be acting imbecilely
If, before came from Delos the vessel, he
Did not quickly slip off to Thessaly,
And wait till the fickle Athenians
Had time to get wiser opinions,
Instead of remaining a fixture
Just to drink up the City's vile mixture.
And then, *sans* his fleshy surtout (Oh
Dreadful!), sneak shivering to Pluto,
Kicked, as 't were, by the general shoe-toe:

Love of life—what a cowardly mocker it is!
But it wasted its breath upon Socrates;
Though he saw Death just lifting the knocker at his
Door, with a stern *I must lead ye hence*,
Yet he argued so well for obedience
To the law, and showed how on principle
Men must gulp, and not even wince, a pill
Prepared by the rightful authorities,
No matter how dreadful a bore it is,
And how for himself it was proper
(If some friend would lend him a copper
To defray the expenses of Charon,
An abuse he should waive comment there on,
Since he soon should have time, if he wanted it,
To row up the people who granted it),
It was proper—if he but obeyed his
Conscience—to go down to Hades
(Hope, doubtless, threw in some suggestions
How he 'd bother the ghosts with his questions),
And fulfil there his proper vocation
As a live note of interrogation;
He, I say, argued all this so strongly
That his friends were convinced they 'd done wrongly,
The more since no jailer could them lock
In at night, nor were they to drink hemlock.

Methought 't was a grand thing in Socrates
Thus to sanctify law in Democracies,
And I mused, with my feet on the fender's
Bright rim, about other surrenders
Of self to the infinite Splendors,
And of some to the Darknesses also,
Wondering how people could fall so
As to change a true soul for a sham one,
And become the poor Levites of Gammon,
Making one shame a mere cotyledon
For the seed of another to feed on,
Or rather, like that little dumb bug,
Lifelong rolling pellets of humbug;
And it struck me—would men but consider
Which truly goes highest as bidder
For their services here, God or Satan—
But they will not; our Age is the great one
Of quick returns and small prophets
With no faith in Heavens or Tophets.

Then I thought of those countless epistles,
Flying thick as balloon-seeds from thistles,
Those pleas of the Great Defender's
Where (as boys play at kittledybenders)
One is forced to skim quick o'er the frail ice
Of logic as brittle as Paley's,
Because, if one stop for a moment
To put in a doubt or a comment,
He goes slap through to get a blind reasoning
In the thick mud beneath the thin reasoning.
Well, I bravely went o'er the whole batch (or all
Up to date), and then, as was natural,
Fell asleep, and my brain took to breeding
A dream out of what I 'd been reading.

I thought that the sun had just risen
When I, Crito, went to the prison
To visit (so dreams often whisk us)
The condemned son of old Sophroniscus,
Who somehow was Webster—drest oddly
In a queer want of costume ungodly,
Such as never is seen but on statues
(An invention of sculptors for that use),
No coat, breeches, waistcoat, shirt, hat, shoes,
Just a kind of a sheet flung about him,
With a mere hint at clothing to flout him;
Such a garb as was ne'er worn by sane gents,
Save in stone, whether moderns or ancients.

Well, Daniel played Socrates nicely,
Talking cheerfully, bravely and wisely,
And spoke of the hemlock precisely
As if any true man would think it
A privilege only to drink it,
And would just as soon wish to say Ah no
To a *fiasco* of Montepulciano.

The calm sage grew no whit the paler,
When the door creaked and in walked the jailer
With a glass of vile stuff on a waiter;
Unmoved as a Jupiter Stator,
He said, "I regard it as all some
Delicious conservative balsam,
Which to swallow (by proxy) is wholsome—
For the patriot true and self-scorner"—
Just then came a moan from the corner,
And I looked and saw Ellen Craft kneeling,
With a face full of hopeless appealing,
And found that (dreams mix things so drolly)
Daniel did not play Socrates solely;
The talking part—*that* was his wholly,
And performed with no womanly shrinking;
But as soon as it came to the drinking,
Why, the hemlock was handed to Ellen—
And the roof of my dream-building fell in. J. R. L.

RECEPTION OF GEORGE THOMPSON BY THE COLORED PEOPLE OF BOSTON.

THE colored citizens of Boston, more fortunate for once than their fellow-citizens of the true democratic complexion, were permitted, on Monday evening of last week, to give a reception meeting to George Thompson. A delegation waited, during the day, as we learn from *The Liberator*, on the Mayor and Alderman, to know whether the meeting would receive sufficient protection from the mob to prevent a recurrence of the scene at Faneuil Hall, and were assured that it would. Accordingly, a sufficient police force was present in the evening to have kept in order the whole of Mr. Webster's Boston "retainers," even had they all been present. So the occasion passed off with great enthusiasm and good order. A speech welcoming Mr. Thompson to this country was made by C. L. Remond of Salem, and after the reply, brief addresses were also given by Messrs. Garrison, Phillips, and Wm. H. Channing. Mr Thompson's is partially reported in the *Chronotype*, which report, for want of any other, we copy:—

MR. THOMPSON'S ADDRESS.

Brethren and Sisters:—I accept with humility and gratitude the welcome you have this night given me. You might have extended that welcome to many more worthy of your thanks than myself; but you could not have bestowed it upon one who more deeply appreciates your kindness.

I am rejoiced to meet with you in this place, dedicated to the worship of HIM, who hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the whole earth. May His blessing be upon us! May the Spirit of Him, who came to preach deliverance to the captive animate and guide us,—the spirit of fortitude, which sustained him—the spirit of meekness, with which he bore the insults, the scorn, and the persecutions with which he was visited by his enemies—the spirit with which he expired on the cross,—saying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Looking at the events which have occurred since I last had the pleasure of being amongst you, I must address you in the language of thankfulness, congratulation and hope, rather than in the language of condolence, commiseration and pity.

Whether I look at the aspect of the holy cause of emancipation in this country, or throughout the world at large, I see abundant cause for grateful praise to the Divine Disposer of events, and the most cogent reasons for exclaiming, "What hath God wrought!"

A century ago, and the children of Africa were friendless and unpitied. Fleets of slave-ships traversed the Atlantic, unmolested, carrying from the country of your ancestors cargoes of wretched beings to be the white man's slaves on the continent and islands of America. The pulpit, the press, the platform, and the Senate, were dumb. Mammon and Moloch reigned supreme, undisturbed. At length the God who hears the cry of the prisoner raised up a man to be the champion of an oppressed race. That man was Thomas Clarkson! Proceeding from Cambridge to London, to publish his Essay on the African Slave Trade, he sat himself down by the way-side, and consecrated himself to the cause of God's down-trodden children.

He was the foremost minister of grace;
The new Las Casas of a ruined race;
With angel might opposed the rage of hell,
And fought like Michael till the dragon fell!

The God who had called him to the great work was with him; to guide, to succor, and to bless. He was soon surrounded by men and women prepared to be his coadjutors in the cause of the enslaved. Another man was raised up to be, in the Senate, the champion of Negro freedom. That man was William Wilberforce. A man of the rarest intellectual endowments—of the most winning and persuasive eloquence; of the highest religious principles; and of the most undaunted courage and perseverence. While Clarkson gathered around him the philanthropists of England, and traversed the country diffusing everywhere his own spirit into the minds of the Christian and humane men and women of the land, Wilberforce enlisted the sympathy and support of the most illustrious of England's statesmen.

Though sneered at by the gay, unthinking aristocracy, as a sickly sentamentalist; though denounced by the selfish and the profane, as a fanatic—though despised by the fearful and unbelieving as a man who had proposed to himself an unattainable object, he prosecuted his sublime and angelic career until the signmanual of the monarch was put to an act for the abolition of the African Slave Trade, and the commerce in the human species was declared piracy, punishable with death.

These holy and devoted men lived to devote their energies to the work of abolishing Slavery; and as in their former enterprise, they were permitted to see their efforts crowned with success. The venerable Wilberforce was not taken, from his labors on earth to his rest in heaven, before a bill was introduced in Parliament to abolish Slavery throughout all the Colonies of Great Britain. He then died—exclaiming with one of old, "Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

Did he die as he had long lived, the object of derision and contumely? No. A Nation wept for the loss of its brightest statesman, its purest patriot, its most beloved philanthropist.

Princes of the blood royal, and peers of the realm, bore his pall, and followed all of him that could perish, to the resting-place which a grateful people had assigned him in the Abbey of Westminster.

His predecessor in the god-like work lived to see the last remnant of Slavery abolished throughout the wide extent of Britain's dominions, and then, full of honors and of years, descended to the tomb, amidst the blessings of the redeemed on earth, and the songs of the ransomed in heaven.

So sleep the good who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring with dewy fingers cold
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
Here honor comes a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

Has the chariot of freedom halted since these great and good men passed from the scene? No. It has moved onward, crushing beneath its triumphant wheels the prostrate despotisms of the traffickers in human flesh. Other islands of the Antilles have blended their song of jubilee with the islands made free by the philanthropists of Great Britain. The revolutionists of France did not monopolize the freedom which they won during the eventful days of February, 1848. The master spirit of that epoch, the wise and gifted Lamartine, did not think his work done when he had won for France the deliverance of her sons from kingly misrule. He remembered the slaves of Guadaloupe and Martinique, and sent over the Atlantic the decree, which gave freedom to blacks as well as whites, and enabled the slaves of yesterday to place their sable delegates amongst the representative of the people, where it was my happiness to see him.

I bring these things to your remembrance, because they are the triumphs of your race. Because they are victories in the very cause in which you and your frends in this country are engaged. Because they demonstrate the eventual omnipotence of those principles which are now at work in this Republic. I bring these things to your remembrance, that you may learn from the past, the history of the future, and be assured of the final success of the labors now being prosecuted for the entire redemption of your race.

The triumphs to which I have referred, are amongst the purest the earth has ever witnessed. They are, also, amongst the most instructive and encouraging. They have been emphatically the triumphs of Christianity. Not by might nor by power have they been accomplished. Not by the great and the noble have they been espoused. These systems have been overthrown by the humble and the poor; but they had the instincts of humanity, the eternal principles of justice, and the God of the oppressed to aid them. They fought against systems accursed of God and man. Systems denounced by the thunders, and scathed by the lightning of Mount Sinai. Systems so repugnant to every idea of equity—to every dictate of morality—to all the affections and promptings of our common nature, that universal humanity cried out against them, and their only defenders were those who had sold themselves to believe a lie, and had dared to say, with a lost archangel,—

"Evil, be thou my good."

The *issues* of these conquests have been as gratifying, as the struggles which led to them were pure and holy. How was the day of emancipation hailed in our West India Colonies? Let me describe the scene in the language of one who was for nearly thirty years the champion of the West India slave—Lord Brougham.

[Mr. Thompson here quoted an eloquent description of emancipation from Lord Brougham, which escaped us.]

Such I believe would be the conduct of every portion of the African race now held in Slavery, if freed from the fetters which bind them. While these victories have been gained abroad, what has been the course of events on this soil? It has been all that is auspicious and encouraging. Looking at the condition of this country twenty years ago, and its condition now, I am prepared to say, that in view of all the circumstances of the case, no reform movement ever made more rapid advances. A retrospect of the progress of the Anti-Slavery Cause in this country, so far from being calculated to create feelings of despondency, is calculated to awaken feelings of wonder, at the change which has been effected, and the prospect which has been opened up to the friends of humanity and justice.

A state of universal slumber, has been exchanged for one of universal wakefulness and sleepless vigilance.

A state of universal apathy and indifference, has been changed to one of universal activity and effort.

Where unbroken silence prevailed, there is now the strife of tongues, and the discussion, of what is now, "the question of questions."

Indifference, derision and contempt, have been transformed into hatred, malignity, and alarm.

A voice has spoken in the ear of this mighty nation, and has said,—

Sleep no more!

Slavery has murdered sleep. It is unnecessary for me to enter upon historical details. Most, if not all of you have been living witnesses of the progress of the cause. Some of you have been conspicuous actors in the sublime drama which is still unfolding its scenes—deepening in intercst as they advance in the stage of the civilized world.

The question is up—the contest is begun—the combat thickens—the battle becomes grand—it will be grander still—it will be the greatest and grandest ever fought on earth, and its consequences, the most momentous and far-reaching of any that have ever followed from a war of principles since the world began.

Slavery! it is the theme of every newspaper. It is the topic of debate in every legislative hall. It lengthens the sittings of Congress. It allows your Senators but two hours' rest at night. It mixes with your soil. It determines your boundary lines. It is that word in every new Constitution, which causes the mightest intellects in the land to grapple with each other, in passionate and unyielding conflict. It is the pivot upon which every election turns. It decides the complexion of every ticket placed in the ballot-box. It is the test of membership in the churches. It is the cause of divisions in communities. It leads to new combinations of political parties. It makes and unmakes Bishops. It changes Whigs into Democrats, and both into Free-Soilers. It is the interpreter of the tables of stone given to Moses, and of the precepts to brotherly love uttered by Jesus. It meets the priest on the steps of the altar—the preacher on the stairs of the pulpit—the merchant on the busy exchange—and the New England farmer, when a hungry, naked wanderer asks in the name of it and humanity a shelter for the night.

Is it nothing, my friends, that all this has been brought to pass in twenty years? Is it nothing, that an obsolete and buried Christianity has been exhumed, and sent forth, like a refining fire, to purify this land from the dire curse of Slavery.

But how has this mighty work been done? You will do well frequently to review the past, and to learn from it lessons to guide for the future.

Go back with me for twenty years. It was the hour to summon a slumbering nation to its duty; and when the hour struck, the man appeared.

"The world had need of him.—
His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
He had a voice whose sound was like the sea;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So did he travel on life's common long,
In cheerful godliness; and yet his heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

Like his sainted forerunner, he gave himself to the cause of the Slave. No wealth, no rank, no fame, no name had he. But he had a heart to feel for human woe; a conscience alive to duty; a faith that laughed at impossibilities; and a trust in God that not an angry world could shake.

How did he begin his work. Just as all works connected with human rights, and having respect to a divine law, should be begun. By an uncompromising declaration of the whole truth. By the elevation of the standard of duty—not up to the prejudices and interest and grovelling propensities of men around him,—but up to the mark of the divine requirement—"Let my people go that they may serve me."

He called things by their right names. He denounced crime as crime. He exposed as they were put forward the sophistries of those who would have apologized for the abomination in their midst. He tracked every scheme of deception to its refuges of lies. He spurned to put any tenders of Compromise, or proffers of friendship into the balance with his convictions of duty, and resolved, whether alone or in company to persue his object with unswerving integrity. Such was the beginning of the work, and such a man was WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. He needs no eulogies from me. He has been persecuted into fame, and the Muse of History will hand down his name to posterity.

"One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die."

The history of my friend, is the history of this cause. The secret of that success to which I have referred, is to be found in unflinching adherence to principle under all circumstances. It is to be found in that faith which never made the cause subservient to a party, or looked to men as superior to principle. From the past we may learn that our simple duty is to promulgate truth, and leave the result to God; not to be wise above that which is written; but to "cry aloud and spare not," and to await with patience the development of those results, which, sooner or later, never fail to follow the upright and fearless advocacy of a good cause.

Let me assure you that in England, we look upon your abolition movement with intense interest. Our religious bodies, our newspaper press, our literature, the universal sentiment of our population, are all on your side. The voice of England cheers you on. I regret the change which comes over too many of my countrymen, when they come over to this side of the water. It proves the corrupting influence of the system, to which almost everything in human nature must yield. I would conjure my fellow countrymen, who take up their residence here, not to throw off the just and manly sentiments which they entertained when they were free from all sinister bias. Where men are free from contact with Slavery, they feel and reason right, it is only when coupled with the prejudices and principles of Slavery that they go wrong.

It is our proud boast that slaves cannot breathe in England. But we can boast more than that. We can say that fugitives from Slavery are not only free and safe when they set foot on our soil, but they are received with special, kindness and regard. Let Remond, and Douglass, and Pennington, and W. W. Brown bear witness to this. Such men are the best advocates you can send us. Their very presence is a demonstration of the iniquity of the system from which they have fled. Their very manhood rebukes the bondage they have left behind them. With such samples of the slaves, their warmest friends receive the warmest welcome.—We have no fugitive slave law. The slave that has escaped from his master unto us, cannot be delivered up.

And in this country, too, my friends, the purest Christianity, the most active benevolence, the most consistent morality are all on your side. It is too true that there is intellect opposed to you, but there is also intellect enlisted in your favor, and I will venture to say, intellect which apart from the merits of the case, would be equal to cope with the loftiest defenders of Slavery.

Still we have to lament the sad and shameful fact that 3,000,000 of men are in bondage, held in degradation as goods and chattels. We have to lament too the continuance of an unworthy prejudice, and an unmanly proscription based on the color which the all-wise Creator has given to the skin. These are evils that press upon you, and which none however deeply they sympathize, can feel as you can. They can be felt to be evils only as you are seen to feel them so, and to show your feeling by your conduct. By what condnct on your part, you may best aid the great cause which so heavily rests upon you is a most interesting question, but one on which I must not dwell. Permit me to say, however, that by a blameless deportment, devotion to those who befriend you, an ardent pursuit of knowledge, the careful education of the young affording protection and aid to the fugitive, and by strict and exemplary obedience to all *just* laws, you will foil the machinations of your enemies, and hasten the day of your deliverance.

EDMUND QUINCY, AND THE FANEUIL HALL RIOT.

MR. QUINCY, who was President of the Reception Meeting at Faneuil Hall, has written a letter to the *Boston Post*, which we copy, repelling the charge made that the officers of that meeting were responsible for the disturbance, insomuch as they neglected to demand the protection of the Police. The same plea, it will be remembered, was made for the public authorities in the May riot in this city, and in this case, as in that, the authorities are shown to be destitute of even so poor an excuse for encouraging a riot in declining to suppress it. In Boston also, as it was in New York, the police found a notorious, but irresponsible newspaper to make this absurd defence for it, solely that it might be afterward repeated by respectable prints, glad enough to give currency to a lie, they would be unwilling to originate, and so become fixed in the public mind as a true and sufficient defence. The malice of the *Boston Chronotype*, and interest of Marshall Tukey jumped exactly together, and the *Transcript* repeated a tale for which it did not give its authority, as that would be its refutation, though it had that authority to fall back upon, if its own reputation, and not the story, should have to be maintained. The counterfeit, however, has passed as genuine, and is current, throughout the country. 'Thus says the *Transcript*,'—is reported all over the land. The Marshal found his instrument to answer his purpose, though the malice of the *Chronotype* failed of its end. Hundreds of thousands believe the Boston police to have had ample excuse for their course, who neither know nor care who were the officers of the meeting; so the pretext is gladly seized upon to palliate the riot; thus as disgraceful an outrage as the spirit of Slavery ever perpetrated has found its best defender in one who pretends to be an Abolitionist, and to be moved to indignation at the treatment which George Thompson received at the hands of the City of Boston.

THE RIOT AT FANEUIL HALL.

Dedham, Nov. 17, 1850.

To the Editor of the Boston Post—Sir, I must appeal to your love of fair play, of which I have had so many proofs, for an opportunity publicly to contradict some false statements which have been made relative to my conduct as president of the meeting last Friday night, for the reception of George Thompson, Esq., M. P., which was disgracefully defeated of its purpose. A disreputable morning sheet, issued on the day after the riot, contained the following passage:—

"If we are not entirely misinformed by gentlemen who served on the police force, it was in the power of Mr. Quincy, the chairman, at any moment to have secured a quiet hearing for Mr. Thompson, by signifying to Marshal Tukey, who was on the spot, with sufficient force, his desire to have the disturbance quelled. This he did not do, though he must have been well aware that the police had no authority to act against mere noise in Faneuil Hall unless requested to do so by the chairman of the meeting. For a chairman to allow a distinguished foreigner to be so shamefully gagged, and thousands of respectable citizens deprived of the pleasure of hearing him, when the police were on hand, willing and able to restore order in five minutes, was carrying the humbug of non-resistance and no-government a little too far."

I should, of course, have taken no notice of this statement, had it not been endorsed on the afternoon of the same day, by the editor of the Evening *Transcript*, whom I have no reason to believe capable of a deliberate falsehood, in the following words:—

"It is the belief, we are told of the police, that the whole blame of the disturbance rests upon the officers of the meeting in not calling upon the strong force present to eject the rioters, who were mostly boys, and who could easily have been put out of the hall."

I am therefore compelled to believe, upon the assurance of a person of unquestioned veracity that the police in attendance that night, or some of them, have impudently endeavored to screen themselves from the censure due to their own cowardice or inefficiency, by throwing the blame upon the officers of the meeting. I must say sir that this measure of justice reminds me of that meted out by a certain judge in Israel, when recorder of New York, who charged the grand jury that, in case an anticipated mob should take place, they were to indict the injured parties as the occasion of the riot. But to proceed. This part of my discourse naturally divides itself into two heads; first, the law involved in the above statements, and second, the facts to which that interpretation of law is applied.

And, *firstly*, was it or not the duty of the city marshal and police to interfere, under the circumstances, without the request of the president? I think I shall not be contradicted when I say that it is the duty of those functionaries to see the laws of the State enforced; and in case of any violation of those laws in their presence, to interpose and arrest the offending parties without application from anybody. Was any law of the State violated that night? As some misapprehension seems to prevail on this point, perhaps you will republish for the information of all concerned, and especially the city marshal and police, the following brief enactment, (Laws of Mass., 1849, chap. 59.)

Be it enacted, &c. That every person who shall wilfully interrupt or disturb any school or other assembly of the people, met for a lawful purpose, within the place of such meeting, or out of it, shall be punished by imprisonment in the common jail not more than thirty days, or by fine not exceeding fifty dollars."

This law (passed, I understand, in consequence of some disturbances of political meetings during the Taylor campaign,) places all lawful meetings under the same protection which was before it given only to religious ones. Before that law, it is true, the police had no authority to interfere in cases of merely noisy disturbances, except at the request of the officers of the meeting, and then only to remove the offenders from the premises. But since it was passed I humbly apprehend it is as much the duty of the city marshal and police, when present at a public meeting, to interpose as soon as riotous demonstrations are manifested, of their own mere motion, as it is in the case of two newsboys going to fisticuffs, or a couple of apple women pulling caps in the streets;—in which cases, to do them justice, I have no doubt they would not hesitate to interfere (if in sufficient force) and vindicate the outraged majesty of the laws.

So much for the law. But, secondly, what are the facts, supposing the law to have been otherwise? Admitting that a request or direction was necessary to authorize the interference of the police, it happens, unfortunately for the hypothesis I am controverting, that I did make what I conceive to have been a very sufficient intimation that their assistance was required, and all the request necessary to satisfy the exigeney of the supposed case. I was assured, and I believe, that Marshal Tukey was in the hall that night. But it is a case of faith and not of sight. My belief rests on the evidence of others, and not of my own senses. He never reported himself to me, or applied for any directions. Indeed, the police officers, generally, avoided me as scrupulously as if I had been a rioter myself. As soon, however, as I was informed by some one near me (who may, possibly, have been a messenger of the Marshal, though I did not so understand it,) that the City Marshal was in attendance, I left the chair, and taking the platform, spoke to this effect, substantially reported as in the *Post*, and other papers, the next day: "I have to inform the audience that the City Marshal is present, with a strong force of police, for the purpose of preserving order. This is our house for the night. You are here on our invitation. If you do not like our entertainment, there is the door, and you are free to retire. If you remain, you must cease these disturbances, or continue them at your peril." This I conceive to have been all that was necessary, under the state of things before the law of 1849. The moment the disturbances were renewed, the police would have been authorized sufficiently by those words to do whatever they could lawfully do, had that statute never been passed. But as I knew the law, and the duty of the Marshal, I naturally supposed that he knew them too, and did not feel it to be consistent either with the dignity of the business of my office, to go in search of him to instruct him in the one and to exhort him to the other.

So much for my own personal share in this matter. I have made no mention of the actual breaches of the peace, the literal laying on of hands, which passed without notice of the police. Several colored men were roughly handled, the rioters had more than one fight among themselves, and one gentleman was nearly strangled with his own cravat by two or three ruffians, and our Dogberrys still maintained their character of "ancient and quiet watchmen." They were evidently of that great exemplar's opinion, "that the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will." They were, emphatically, *peace* officers. If all present had but imitated their pacific example, we could have had nothing to desire.

One word as to the character of the riot. Two very different opinions have been expressed on this subject. The one, that the rioters constituted the great body of the audience; the other, that it was a mere handful of boys, who could have been suppressed with perfect ease, if the officers of the meeting had been willing. Your own reporter, in his very fair and candid account, inclines to the first opinion. So did the mayor, with whom I had the honor of an interview on Saturday morning, with other gentlemen, for the purpose of lodging a formal complaint against the city marshal, for neglect of duty. His impression, derived, probably, from the marshal and police, was that the number of the rioters was not less than a thousand, and that it was physically impossible for the police force to put them down.

I ventured to intimate that they should at least have made the attempt to arrest some of the rioters and not have looked on in entire acquiescence. His honor did not suggest that there was any *laches* on the part of the officers of the meeting; but explained the inaction of the marshal and his men on the ground of the disproportion between the rioters and the police. I think, however, as is often the case, that truth lies between these two extremes. I was in an excellent position for observation, and have had much testimony from authentic sources, and am satisfied of three things. First, that the rioters, though mostly young men, were not *boys*, but mostly, apparently, clerks in shops or mechanics' apprentices; secondly, that they were organized and disciplined, if not paid; thirdly, that though sufficiently numerous to be permanently annoying, they might have been removed, and the ringleaders arrested by the marshal and police, assisted by the orderly part of the audience.

When the committee and their guest entered the hall at 7 o'clock, it was filled apparently to its entire capacity and with an audience, if not of one mind as to the purpose of the meeting, unanimous in wishing it to go on without interruption. When Mr. Thompson appeared on the platform he was welcomed with as loud, long and enthusiastic cheers as ever made that roof resound and not the faintest shadow of dissent was heard from any quarter. The meeting was organized without opposition. Mr. Garrison was warmly received, and his address was listened to with the most profound silence, interrupted only by genuine and hearty applause, for about twenty minutes. Soon after he had begun a party of men began to enter the hall and push their way towards the centre. The crowd was so dense that it was a quarter of an hour before they got into position. Their numbers were variously estimated from a hundred and fifty to five hundred. I should judge them to have been between three and four hundred strong. It was to their discipline rather than to their numbers that their success was due.

Shortly before Mr. Garrison finished, a signal was given from the front gallery, and the uproar commenced and continued, with slight lulls, till the meeting adjourned. Had the doors been closed at seven o'clock, the meeting would have been triumphantly successful. The great masses of men under the galleries, almost all in the galleries and on the platform, and two-thirds of those in the centre of the hall, were in favor of order. Had the City Marshal showed himself—had he not, like a prudent man, "seen the evil afar off" and *hid* himself—had he rallied his men, and, if necessary, called on the bystanders to assist him, I am confident he rioters could have been swept out of the hall in fifteen minutes, and enough arrested to be made examples of the next morning. I think you will agree with me, sir, (though his honor the mayor did not, when I put the case to him,) that even a thousand rioters would not be enough to put down the "Union Meeting," next Tuesday. I think the city marshal would find means to protect it in its rights, or he would not remain city marshal much longer. It is not only circumstances, but persons, sometimes, that alter cases.

The persons who promoted, who performed, and who permitted this riot, regarded only the immediate and vulgar success of their conspiracy. They thought only of inhospitably insulting a gentleman whose presence does honor to the city they have disgraced. As far as he is concerned their attempt is ignobly impotent. A British senator, the admired of millions for his brilliant eloquence, the beloved of thousands for his private excellencies and personal accomplishments, may be silenced, but is not reached by the ignorant clamors of Boston shop-boys and apprentices. It is not he that is insulted, but the city whose officers have permitted the insult to be attempted, that is dishonored. But it behooves the citizens of Boston to look at the remoter issues of this matter, and to consider whether they will permit the class of their inhabitants who committed this outrage to rule over them. The mayor of the city, and the chief of police, have acknowledged their supremacy. Will the citizens confirm it?

I am, sir, very truly, your obedient humble servant.
EDMUND QUINCY.

MR. QUINCY writes a supplementary letter to the *Post*, in which he says the following passage in his former letter was accidentally omitted:—

"But, besides this, a gentleman (the Rev Theodore Parker,) waited upon the City Marshal, by my request, and said to him—"The President desires you to restore order." To which he replied, "I dont care anything about your President!"

DIARY OF A SLAVE-HUNTER.

MR. JOHN KNIGHT who joined as an amateur, in the recent unsuccessful Slave-Hunt in Boston sends to the *Macon* (Ga.) *Intelligencer* a very entertaining diary of his experience in that exciting sport. He is very candid, and, we presume, barring two or three very absurd and transparent lies, truthful. Perhaps he was as cool and collected as he says he was, though it is not usually considered the best evidence of courageous behavior to insist repeatedly that in certain trying circumstances one was not in the least mite afraid. However the account is a very interesting bit of autobiography, and if continued in the same spirit by Mr. Hughes would be worthy of a place in the Newgate Calender, or the next edition of the Pirate's Own Book. The latter gentleman's experience would, of course, be much more entertaining as he was the principal in the transaction and continued longer in the pursuit, as he drew off, for a time, only so far as this city, and watched his quarry and his man-traps in Massachusetts from this safe distance. Here however, as we cannot have Mr. Hughes', is Mr. Knight's Diary:

THE BOSTON EXCITEMENT.

MACON, GA., Nov. 11th, 1850.

MESSRS. EDITORS: As many incorrect and contradictory reports are in circulation in regard to the visit of Mr. Willis H. Hughes to Boston, for the purpose of recapturing William and Ellen Craft, the negroes belonging to Dr. Collins and Ira Taylor, I beg you to give place to the subjoined simple narrative of facts. It is given from recollection; but I am willing to make affidavit of its correctness. Of course, it does not contain a statement of *everything* which transpired; but it does contain everything which is at all important.

The statements which have been copied in this city, and in the South generally, by a certain class of papers, are taken from the Boston *Chronotype*, and other abolition prints, and are gross misrepresentations of facts, and entirely unworthy of any confidence.

We left Macon for the purpose of purchasing machinery for the establishment of a bucket factory and variety works in this city. I did not even know that Mr. Hughes was entrusted with the recovery of the slaves, until after we arrived at New York, when he asked me to identify the negroes.

We left Macon, Friday, October 11, arrived in New York Tuesday following. Remained there till Friday, 5 P. M., and arrived at Boston next morning. Kept still on Saturday and Sunday.

On Monday I attended to buying machinery. Mr. Hughes applied to Judge Woodbury for a warrant. The Judge would not issue it; said it was the business of the commissioners.

Mr. Hughes applied to three separate commissioners, who sent him from one to another. The last one refused, until he could get all the commissioners and judges together.

In this way the matter was deferred until Thursday night, when the meeting of commissioners was held. At this meeting our business and the names of the parties for whom the warrant was demanded leaked out.

I went to see Craft on Tuesday, had a long conversation with him. He said that Ellen was anxious to return South, and would do so if she could get funds and an opportunity; desired me to bring a letter to Ellen's mother. I agreed to go back next morning to get the letter if I did not go to Worcester.

Wednesday—Went to Worcester and returned; found the letter at the hotel.

Thursday morning—Saw Craft. He told me that Ellen had been to see me at his shop on Wednesday. I wrote no letter to Craft. The one published was a forgery. The day the letter purports to have been written, I was in Worcester.

Friday morning—Judge Woodbury issued the warrant, about nine o'clock, in open court.

It was at once known, and the negroes and Abolitionists began to assemble about the court-house, and watch us. Every few minutes a negro lawyer would peep into the marshal's office to see what was going on—warrant placed in marshal's hands immediately. The excitement became great—nothing was done—marshal said if he could be convinced that Craft was in Cambridge street, he would go and arrest him—seemed timid and inclined to back out.

Saturday—Were both arrested for slander; for calling Craft a slave—were taken to the deputy sheriff Rugg's office—obtained bail for $10,000 each at once, from Messrs. Riley & Freeman and Thayer & Co. No great excitement.

Afternoon—Negroes in large numbers around the United States Hotel. I changed my hat—mixed among them, and talked with them. They said there were kidnappers from the South in town—that Knight was in jail, and they were after Hughes.

Sunday—Went to Charlestown, and about the city all day—no sign of any disturbance.

Monday—We were again arrested on a charge of attempting to kidnap Craft and wife—carried to Court Square, to Deputy Corbin's office—two thousand persons present. One thousand five hundred negroes and five hundred whites, of the lowest order. Gave bonds in ten thousand dollars each, signed by Messrs. Riley, Willis, and others, I believe—crowd in the office very great—officer sent for carriage—left office to go into it. Mr. Hughes got in. The crowd rushed upon it, so that I could not reach it—they hissed us, called us bloodhounds, &c., apparently for the purpose of exciting us to some act of violence—some of them seized upon the horses and attempted to open the doors—Mr. H., who was in the carriage, laughed at them, and made sport of them.

The driver was not instructed where to go, and, being greatly alarmed, left for Cambridge. When he reached the bridge, Mr. Hughes knew where he was, and ordered him to carry him back to the hotel. The driver turned, but meeting the crowd refused to go further. Mr. Hughes then left the carriage and procured a buggy and driver, and returned to the hotel—some of the negroes came up to him. He ordered them to keep off. They said they did not wish to hurt him; but only to let the people know that he was a slave-hunter.

I remained in the office half an hour, and left in a cab—the mob hissing and pulling my coat, calling me slave-hunter, bloodhound, &c.; but I was resolved to resent no insult, as that was plainly what they wanted me to do. One negro followed to the hotel, but did not come near me.

Monday afternoon—Great crowd at the hotel—negroes outside—whites came into the parlors and passages. At 5 1-2 o'clock other warrants were issued against us for slandering Ellen Craft and injuring her business. Gave bond, each, for $20,000 at the hotel, Messrs. Riley, Thayer & Co., Willis and others signing for us. Understood a great crowd was assembled at Court square for the purpose of mobbing us, officer Corbin wished to carry us there. The mob had been collected by the hand-bills which had been placed about the streets.

That night a great crowd came to the hotel to see us—Mr. Hughes was not well—I went down, sat in the parlor, and conversed with them, answering many questions in regard to the Crafts, and the treatment of slaves generally.

Was no little amused at some, the more honest but deluded, who actually seemed to think that our negroes were *chained* every night after they finished work, and fed upon *cotton seed*, &c.

Tuesday—Committee of one hundred (white men) waited on the proprietors of the house, requiring them to *turn us out*, and ordering us *to leave*. This was peremptorily refused by both us and the proprietors.

Noon—Committee of sixteen called, saying that if we did not leave *instantly* we would be mobbed. Were not in—but landlord answered for us, and by our authority given in the morning, that we would not leave till we were ready.

Evening—Committee of (white) ladies called—sent cards to room and desired to see us. We were not in, and, of course, were deprived of the inexpressible pleasure of seeing them.

At night—Mr. Hughes not very well, remained in his room. I went down stairs again, and remained in the parlor as on the night before. Among the crowd were many polite gentlemen, who appeared to be gratifying their curiosity—the greater mass, however, were Abolitionists.

Wednesday—Very early, Rev. Theodore Parker came to our room, followed by fifty or sixty persons, greatly excited; said he had suppressed a mob twice—Came as a Christian—as a servant of the Lord, and a friend to request us *leave the city instantly*—not to wait for the cars, but to take a carriage—did not think he could suppress the mob any longer! We refused—told him that we should treat their committees with perfect contempt—would leave when the mob dispersed and our convenience suited, *but not before*.

During the day passed freely about the city—all was quiet. In the evening came to New York by advice of counsel, in order to get further instructions, and to allow the excitement to die away. During this time Craft and wife were reported to us to be locked up in the house of a white man, whose name I forget.

From all I saw and heard, and experienced while in Boston, I am convinced that public opinion there, in regard to the Fugitive Slave Law, is undergoing a change. It is true, the Abolitionists and negroes are very numerous, and apparently have things very much their own way at present. The business men, and men of property with whom I conversed, generally took but little interest in the matter; but said that the law ought to be executed; that they wished to get rid of the negroes, and that if it came to a trial of strength, the negroes and Abolitionists would be put down. This, however, will take time.

I believe that Mr. Hugh

Proceedings of the Rhode Island State Anti-Slavery Society.

THE Fifteenth Annual Meeting of the Rhode Island State Anti-Slavery Society was held in Mechanics' Hall, City of Providence, commencing Wednesday morning, November 13th, at 10 o'clock.

In the absence of the President, the chair was taken and the meeting called to order by Geo. L. Clark, one of the Vice Presidents.

JOHN L. CLARK was chosen Secretary pro. tem.

Prayer was offered by Mrs. Sophia Little, of Newport.

Mr. JEWIT expressed the hope that nothing would be said during our meetings against God, the Bible or professing Christians.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS made some remarks: He regretted that in Rhode Island, unlike most other places, the Abolitionists did not get together punctually in the forenoon of the first day, but assured the strangers present that the Hall would be filled in the afternoon and evening.

On motion of Thomas Davis, the chair appointed the following Business Committee, viz: Daniel Mitchell, Thomas Davis, Frederick Douglass, Charles C. Burleigh, Mary R. Clark, Joseph C. Hathaway, Loring Moody and Wm H. Channing. John L. Clark, A. R. James, Daniel Mitchell and Frederick Douglass, were appointed a Committee on Finance.

Mrs. LITTLE spoke of the importance of the Anti Slavery movement in the present crisis, and of the necessity of our coming up to this work, realizing the solemn obligations we are under to discharge our duties faithfully.

Remarks by Mrs. REDLAND.

The Chairman read the resolutions on the Fugitive Slave Bill, passed by the Executive Committee, Oct. 6th, and published in the papers of this city at the time.

Mr. SCOTT expressed himself in favor of the Resolutions, but thought they were not quite strong enough. He was for forcible resistance to the execution of this abominable Bill.

E. BUCHANAN, of Newport, said that the Bill is misnamed, that it ought to be called the "Slave-making Bill," inasmuch as it seeks to make Slaves by kidnapping the free colored people of the North, as well as to re-enslave such as escape. He advocated opposing force to force against slave catchers and kidnappers.

Mr. EATON, of Pawtucket, approved the Resolutions, but thought it time to add another, declaring the Free States separate and independent of the Slave States, and that we have nothing more to do with Slaveholders.

THOS. DAVIS remarked, that the South was not alone guilty in the matter—that the Slave System was sustained by Northern votes and Northern influence. He was not for a dissolution of the Union, except as a last resort, and not till the Free States had done all that the Constitution would allow them to do to remove the evil. He counselled the colored people to avoid a collision with the Officers of the Government, if possible.

The Annual Report of the Secretary of the Society was read and accepted.

WM. H. CHANNING, from the Business Committee, reported a series of Resolution on the Fugitive Slave Bill, No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS, from the Business Committee, presented Resolutions No 10, 11 and 12.

The resolutions on the Fugitive Slave Bill were made the order of business at the opening of the meeting in the afternoon. Adjourned until 2 o'clock, P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The chair was taken by Thomas Davis. The consideration of the Resolutions on the Fugitive Slave Bill being the order of business, Wm. H. Channing advocated them in an able and interesting speech. He was prepared to disregard the law and take the consequences. He felt sure that the law would become practically inoperative if it was not repealed. The conscience and common sense of the people of the Free States are against it. The compact to deliver the fugitive slave is against the Spirit of the Constitution, the fundamental principles of the Government; and in refusing to execute this law, we are keeping, in the greatest sense, the Constitution, and are most loyal to the Government. The manner in which the enactment was procured, and the spirit in which it has been received by the people of the country, show that a wonderful progress has been made in Anti-Slavery sentiment. The demonstrations of this sentiment are seen in the recent elections of New York and Massachusetts, as well as in mass meetings of the people all over the Free States. The signs of the times look auspicious for Freedom. Slavery is limited in the West, and at last confined to its bounds. It will consume itself. It cannot live except by extension. The thinking men at the South are at this time, without doubt, considering in what way this evil institution can be brought to an end. He thought that, looking at Slavery as a collective evil, and the more prosperous and advantageous condition of the people of the free States, it is the duty of the North to meet the South more than half way, and propose a co-operative plan for the emancipation of the slaves, and share a part of the pecuniary sacrifice attending it. We should press the matter upon their acceptance again and again, and urge them, by every consideration of Humanity and Religion, to accede to it. He would by no means give any countenance to the rightfulness of holding human beings as property; but the course proposed would be manifesting a brotherly feeling and disposition to afford assistance in the performance of a difficult duty. If some such course is not pursued, the only alternative is a dissolution of these States, followed by civil war. We have no right to dissolve this Union. We know the past. We must perpetuate the Union. It is a grand experiment for the freedom of the race—a sublime plan of Government, a confederacy of confederacies.

SOJOURNER TRUTH said, she had been a slave, and was not now entirely free. She did not know anything about politics—could not read the newspapers—but thanked God that the law was made—that the worst had come to worst; now the best must come to best.

CHAS. C. BURLEIGH agreed with Mr. Channing, that the Fugitive Slave Law would counteract itself. The Anti-Slavery movement most emphatically proves that every man must help the Right, either willingly by devoted labor or by the operation of a law of reaction which he cannot control. He also agreed most fully with Mr. Channing in the general tone and tenor of his remarks. Yet Mr. Channing's language did not in some particulars express his (Mr. Burleigh's) sentiments. He did not believe that the time had come to turn aside from the agitation of this subject, and pressing home upon the hearts and consciences of the people the great truths of this movement, to form plans for the abolition of Slavery. He would leave that for other hands. He believed God had established a division of labor—that when the disposition was created, there would be no lack of effective plans. These would be various, and in some of which it was likely he could not co-operate. He could not propose to share in the pecuniary loss of the master. He could render him assistance only on grounds of common humanity, in case of suffering, either from liberating slaves or any other cause. They have no claim of compensation for doing an act of simple justice. The question of the dissolution of the Union is one of individual duty. The Constitution requires us to perform certain specific acts, which we, as Abolitionists, cannot do without violating our fundamental doctrines and principles.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS said, that there could be no union between Abolitionists and Slaveholders. Slavery is a Unit. The whole or none is the Slaveholder's law Every demonsration in favor of freedom is so much dissolution of the Union. He had the profoundest respect for his friends Channing and Burleigh, and rejoiced to know that such men would surround the fugitive and peril their lives and all they held most dear peacefully in his defence. He felt justified in pursuing a different course. There are some things for which men ought to be willing to die. He thought freedom was one of these things. He adopted the sentiment of Patrick Henry, "give me liberty or give me death." There are some things for which men deserve to die. Tyrants and despots have no right to live. Slaveholders, being such, have no right to live. When men become pirates upon the rights of their fellow men, and so far debase themselves as to pursue the victims of their oppression and cruelty with bloodhounds, they ought to meet with a bloodhound's fate. When the slaveholder is resisted by the flying bondman, and is struck down by his outraged victim, whom he has overtaken by the aid of a bloodhound on his track, he could look upon his warm running blood with as much satisfaction as he could that of his brute associate.

At the close of Mr. Douglass' speech, the meeting adjourned to 6 1-2 o'clock.

EVENING SESSION.

GEO. L. CLARK in the chair. Loring Moody, from the Business Committee, reported resolutions No. 15. 16, 17 and 18.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS spoke on the general question of Slavery; said that much had been attempted by the leading Statesmen of the country, Clay, Webster and others, to quiet agitation, but they had put forth their mightiest powers in vain. Their efforts had produced exactly contrary effects from what were designed. It was impossible to harmonise the two antagonistic elements—the freedom of the white and slavery of the black man under the same government. Every thing in Church and State, is tending to a dissolution of the Union. He advocated forcible resistance to Slaveholders; instanced the noble and heroic conduct of Madison Washington on the deck of the Creole, and Joseph Cinque on that of the Amistad, as showing the electrifying effect of a brave and manly resistance to tyrants, and vindicating the spirit and courage of the negro character. He acknowledged that these views of forcible resistance were not endorsed by the Rhode Island Anti-Slavery Society.

Mr. BUCHANAN made some remarks, agreeing with Mr. Douglass.

CHARLES L REMOND took the platform, and made an able speech defending the righteousness and justice of forcible resistance. He rejoiced that Mr. Douglass saw eye to eye with himself and Mr. Buchanan on this subject. It was the colored man's only resort. Every man that counselled them to submit, falsified his own heart, repudiated the revolution of independence and the successful efforts of the oppressed in all ages, in breaking the yoke of their bondage.

GEORGE BRADBURN spoke against the Fugitive Slave Bill, and brought his powers of sarcasm and ridicule to bear upon it with great effect. He could not advise the colored people what to do; he could not tell what he should do himself in similar circumstances: it was a desperate case.

The Finance Committee took up a collection.

CHARLES C. BURLEIGH followed Mr. Bradburn in a powerful speech against the Fugitive Slave Bill. Advocated peaceful resistance, and discouraged a resort to forcible measures.

The Hall was filled to overflowing with attentive listeners until about 10 o'clock, when the meeting adjourned, to meet again to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock.

THURSDAY MORNING, Nov. 14th.

The chair was taken, and the meeting called to order by Daniel Mitchel, one of the Vice Presidents. On motion of Thomas Davis, the Chair appointed the following committee to nominate officers for the Society, for the year ensuing, viz: Susan R. Harris, George L. Clark, Susan Sisson, and J. L. Clark.

Remarks by Thomas Davis, and Frederick Douglass, urging the importance of contributing money to sustain the operations of the Society.

The Finance Committee opened a subscription of pledges.

THOMAS WILLIAMS argued at length that unrighteous laws were not binding, and that the Fugitive Slave Law was one of this description. He also maintained the rightfulness of forcible resistance.

MARTIN CHEENY advocated peaceful resistance; criticised Douglass, Remond, and Williams. He maintained that the courage of martyrs to the truth was greater than that of military heroes. The atrocity of this law was never surpassed: The Government will tumble if it is enforced: Its only safety depends on its repeal, or remaining a dead letter on the Statute Book.

Mr. DOUGLASS replied to Mr. Cheeny, maintaining the right of forcible resistance.

Mrs. BEDLAND made some remarks, after which the meeting adjourned to 2 o'clock, P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

GEORGE L. CLARK in the chair. Joseph C. Hathaway from the Business Committee reported resolutions No. 13 sympathizing with Wm. L. Chaplin.

Mr. HATHAWAY gave an account of the circumstances attending the arrest and imprisonment of Mr. Chaplin, and the proceedings before the court up to the present time. He stated that $10,000 had been raised on his behalf and that the committee had borrowed $2,000 more on the credit of the friends of humanity who had not yet contributed to this object—$6,000 had been used to bail him at Washington, and the other 6,000 was to be applied to bail him in Maryland, the same money to be used in his defence on trial.

LORING MOODY made an impressive appeal in favor of extending our sympathy and assistance to Mr. Chaplin in this his hour of trial and affliction.

President MAHAN, of Oberlin Theological Seminary accepted an invation to address the meeting. He said Mr. Chaplin had acted conscientiously in a good cause. He had set a good example of heroic devotion to Freedom. He honored him for it, and sympathized with him now that he is in prison and under bonds. He spoke of the Fugitive Slave Bill, it was omnipresent at the West, and the agitation attending it was doing great good.

So long as the slave power is predominant, the worse laws that are made the better, for the sooner the whole system will be overthrown. The people have been aroused to consider how far the law of the land binds the conscience. The idea has universally prevailed that the law is to be obeyed whether right or wrong. The law of God and the conscience is the final appeal of authority for all constitutions and laws. The Fugitive Slave Bill is contrary to the law of God, and cannot be obeyed without disobeying God. He could not obey the law. He would feed and help the slave, and go to prison in consequence if need be. He would do all he could in conscience to aid him. The resolution sympathizing with Mr. Chaplin, after a slight alteration in its phraseology, was unanimously adopted. A subscription was raised on his behalf in the meeting to the amount of thirty dollars.

LORING MOODY made an interesting speech on the power of human legislatures to make laws. He maintained that there was a higher law than the Constitution: That God was the great Law Giver: That He had enacted the laws of society as well as the laws of mathematics and mechanics, the laws that govern physical bodies and animal life, and our duty was simply to learn what the laws of society are and obey them.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS from the Business Committee reported resolution No. 14, welcoming George Thompson, of England, to this country, and supported it by an able speech.

The Nominating Committee reported the following list of officers, which was unanimously adopted:

President—GEORGE L. CLARK, of Providence.

Vice Presidents—GEORGE JAMES ADAMS, East Greenwich; THOMAS DAVIS, Providence; DUNBAR B HARRIS, Providence. *Secretary*—AMARANCY PAINE, Providence. *Treasurer*—MARTIN ROBINSON, Providence.

Executive Committee—Wm. Chase, A. R. Janes, Thos. Davis, S. W. Wheeler, Geo. L. Clark, Amos J Buloo, John L. Clark, D. B. Harris, Susan Sisson, Mary R. Clark, John C. Francis, Susan R. Harris, Cromwell Whipple, E. W. Capron, Joseph Chase, Rebecca M. C. Capron.

The meeting then adjourned to 7 o'clock.

EVENING SESSION.

GEO. L. CLARK, in the chair.

The resolution of welcome to George Thompson was read. Charles C. Burleigh said, that he had the pleasure to speak to a similar resolution at the convention which organized our State Society, on the occasion of Mr. Thompson's first visit to this country. He passed a high eulogium upon Mr. Thompson's character and gigantic labor in behalf of the down trodden and oppressed, both in the Old and the New World. He also triumphantly vindicated him from the falsehoods and slanders of the corrupt and venal portion of the American press. Criticised with merited severity a mean and scandalous paragraph in our own *Providence Journal* noticing Mr. Thompson's arrival.

GEORGE BRADBURN united in the welcome of Mr. Thompson. He said that he received his first lesson in Democracy in this city from Mr. Thompson during his former visit to this country; and that while Mr. Thompson was advocating Democratic principles in the British Parliament, under a monarchical government, he was denounced and slandered in this land of boasted Democracy and Republicanism.

The resolution was put and adopted by the audience rising *en masse*.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS addressed the meeting on the resolutions relative to the Fugitive Slave Bill in a lengthy and effective speech. The question was then put on the passage of the resolutions, Nos. 1, 2. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and they were unanimously adopted.

CHARLES L. REMOND addressed the meeting in an eloquent and impressive manner on the general subject of Slavery.

Resolutions Nos. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, and 18, were read, and the closing speech made by Charles C. Burleigh on the Fugitive Slave Bill compromise measures of the last Congress, and the obligations of the people to sustain the Anti-Slavery cause in the present emergency.

The above resolutions were then adopted, and the meeting adjourned *sine die*.

Thus closed one of the most interesting and effective anniversaries which our Society has ever held. We have been favored with some of the most able and eloquent advocates of freedom in the Anti-Slavery ranks, who put forth their best efforts in behalf of our Cause. There was some diversity of opinion in reference to the wisdom and righteousness of home methods and plans of operation against the slave system, yet there was also a spirit of generous toleration of each other's conscientious convictions of duty; and we were never more united in earnest determination to labor for our common object, the utter extinction of Slavery in this country.

GEORGE L. CLARKE, *President*.
JOHN L. CLARKE, *Secretary, pro tem*.

RESOLUTIONS.

1. *Resolved*, That only the manifest presence of Divine Justice can make human laws just, or obedience to them lawful.

2. *Resolved*, That every good *citizen* must be a good *man*, and that while he is bound to keep the peace, he is yet more bound to keep his conscience.

3. *Resolved*, That when unjust laws are passed by any community, its members are forced to choose between these alternatives, Obedience, Flight, Revolution, or Passive Resistance; that to obey an unjust law is to serve man rather than God—that to fly from duty is false to heaven and humanity—that to revolutionize the Government is to keep one's conscience by breaking the peace—but that to disown the law and accept the penalty, is to keep at once our conscience and the peace.

4. *Resolved*, That we will not obey the Fugitive Slave Law—that we will not quit our country in her struggles—that we do not purpose to revolutionize the United States—but that we will once and forever oppose this unrepublican, inhuman, and unchristian law, by every means of Passive Resistance.

5. *Resolved*, That regarding the Fugitive Slave Law as a shameful violation of the fundamental principles of the Constitution, of the established usages of the common law for the preservation of personal freedom, of the professed maxims of humanity and justice throughout Christendom, and of the universally-acknowledged will of God, we do hereby profess our fixed resolve to utterly disown this law, and hereby avow our readiness to bear all penalties consequent upon such a choice; and we call upon our fellow-citizens throughout the free States so to manifest by word and deed their conscientious repugnance and hearty detestation of this Law, that it shall become practically inoperative, and, through the dread of kidnappers, officers, commissioners, to arouse the concentrated indignation of all civilized communities.

6. *Resolved*, That the most effective means to make the Fugitive Slave Law actually null and void, is a peaceful demonstration of the will of the people, *that it shall not be executed*; and that as steps in such a demonstration we reccommend—1st, That all Fugitives against whom warrants are issued shall be sheltered and aided to escape; 2nd, That where this is impossible they shall be surrounded by a sufficiently numerous and influential Peace Committee to protect them from assault and capture; 3d, And meanwhile that every peaceful instrumentality shall be energetically used to make the slave hunters aware that the atmosphere of the free States is unfavorable for their health, so that they shall be exceedingly glad to go home.

7. *Resolved*, That the Fugitive Slave Law is not only a cruel outrage against every dictate of humanity; a scandalous mockery of all forms of justice, a foul disgrace upon the character of the American people, but is a monstrous violation of religious liberty; setting aside, as it does, all the sublime truths of Human Brotherhood and Brotherly Kindness, which shine conspicuously throughout the Christian System.

8. *Resolved*, That those professed ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ, who make it no part of their duty to preach against the recently-enacted Fugitive Slave Law, and who do not counsel open disobedience to its provisions, and Christian resistance to its execution, should, for the sake of consistency, resign their commissions, speak no longer to the people in the name of God, and instead of preaching from the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, they should only preach from the statute-book and gospel according to Daniel Webster.

9. *Resolved*, That we earnestly recommend the circulation of a petition for the prompt and speedy repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law, and the signing of such petition by every lover of justice, humanity, and freedom.

10. *Resolved*, That, in the language of the great founder of the Methodist Church, "Slavery is the sum of all villainies," the concentration of every abomination, and that we are called upon strongly as ever to labor for its immediate and unconditional abolition.

11. *Resolved*, That we hold it to be a self-evident truth, which no human legislation can change into a lie, that every man is the rightful owner of his own body, and that to deprive a man of himself is manstealing and robbery of the most unnatural and monstrous description ever conceived by the head or the heart of man.

12. *Resolved*, That the fact that there are at this time slaves in this land to the frightful number of three millions, is a damning blot upon the character of this boasted Republic, a disgrace to our civilization, and a lark reproach upon the religion we profess.

13. *Resolved*, That we deeply sympathize with our noble friend and brother, WILLIAM L. CHAPLIN, who is now imprisoned in Maryland, on the false and ominous charge of an assault upon, with intent to kill, a band of armed men who fell upon him on the evening of the 8th of August last; and, who, after severely wounding him, bound him and thrust him into prison, and that if, as in charge, he was aiding men to escape from bondage at the time, he was in the performance of a heroic and generous act, evincing a nobility of spirit, a manly courage, and a Christian forgetfulness, worthy of universal respect and admiration.

14. *Resolved*, That the members of this Society have learned with sentiments of sincere gratification, that GEORGE THOMPSON, of England, has landed on our shores; and that we welcome him, with full hearts, as a member of the human family—as a friend of man—as a defender of rights—and as the able, eloquent, and unwearied advocate of liberty and humanity, without distinction of color, caste, or clime, throughout the world.

15. *Resolved*, That while LIBERTY is hunted down throughout all the borders of this country, as a thing so foreign to the spirit which animates both its politics and religion, that cannot be endured upon our soil, we rejoice that a Monarchy, whose territory adjoins us still affords a safe refuge to the victims of oppression who have fled from this Republic which continues to cradle a bondage which a king has abolished.

16. *Resolved*, That the recent escape of William and Ellen Craft to England, to avoid being again dragged to a bondage worse than death itself, furnish additional evidence that this nation is a grand political corporation of manstealers whose democracy is a sham and whose religion is a lie.

17. *Resolved*, That while we cordially sympathise with Kossuth, Garabaldi, and others whose struggles for liberty in the Old World have compelled them to flee from their native land, we cannot bid them welcome to this, knowing, as we do, that the same fidelity to freedom here would compel them to fly from this country, or subject them to bonds and imprisonment, and perhaps death itself.

18. *Resolved*, That notwithstanding the peace measures of the last Congress, and the Union Meetings of the commercial interests of the "great metropolis," there can be no peace to this nation while it lasts. That only the entire abolition of Slavery and the utter extinction of the last remnant of oppression can secure peace and safety to this country; that while Slavery continues, disorder will continue and increase; and if Slavery be not abolished the nation must be destroyed, according to the laws of God and irresistable destiny.

To Correspondents.

S. M. Jr. By referring to the paper of the 14th inst., he will find the name of E. B. C. The others have been received since any acknowledgements were made.

E. G. Package at 21.

C. S. S. G. The rule is as announced on the point on which he asks information, and though it is not very strictly enforced, we keep it as well as circumstances will permit. He must use his discretion.

Domestic Correspondence.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. LXX.

THE ARGUMENT.—*The Rainy Season—The Slave-catering Party—Young Websterdom—Their Triumph—The Slaveholders' Meeting—The Reception Meeting—Its character—The City Marshal and Police—Transcendental thief takers—A retiring officer—His whistle—Intrepid conduct of police—Kings of France and Denmark—Chesterfieldian scruples—A Refractory Fact—The Complement—The Meeting in Belknap Street—Its entire success—The Meeting at Worcester—The Correspondent telleth of the Untold—He foreshadoweth things to come, &c. &c. &c.*

BOSTON, Nov. 25, 1840.

The interval of three weeks since I last illuminated your pages has been fruitful of things to tell, had I time and space to tell them. This year has certainly not had any of those *dry times* of which even London journalists have annually to complain. It has been a rainy season all the year round. It has made good the proverb that it never rains but it pours. The new zeal of the new Slave-catching party, which Mr. Webster is so busy organizing, is full of the richest fun. His solemn and reiterated asseverations that the agitation of the Slavery question must and shall be put down reminds one of Major Longbow's doughty resolution that he *would not* be sea-sick, or Sir Peter Laurie's magisterial determination to "put down" suicide. Certainly judging from the effects of his labors thus far, he is in the high road to success. The success which attended his youthful admirers, who might be denominated not improperly "Young Websterdom," in their gallant onslaught on the Faneuil Hall Meeting for the Reception of George Thompson, must have done his wounded spirit good He might have well exclaimed with Pierre in Venice Preserved,

"I could have hugged the greasy rogues:
They pleased me!"

Their triumph was complete. Not only did they drown the Speeches of Mr. Phillips and Mr. Thompson, by their most sweet voices, but they dragged at their chariot wheels the Mayor of the City and the Chief of the Police. They were all friends of Mr. Webster. It was his name with which they made the old walls vocal in their patriotic transports. Not a democrat got so much as a hand. They were the Defenders of the Defender; they expounded the Expounder admirably well. They furnished a fit prologue for the great Slave-catchers' Meeting which is to be held to-morrow week, by way of purification of the Hall, and (incidentally) of salvation of the Union.

You will, doubtless, have so full accounts of the riot in this paper, supplementary to those in last, that it will be quite unnecessary for me to recapitulate the course of events that night. If you read the Letter of the President of the Meeting to the *Post*, as published also in a handbill, you will have an accurate statement of the facts as they occurred. I do not think I could have made a better one myself. A more magnificent meeting was never assembled within those walls than was there that night, nor one more entirely unanimous and enthusiastic, until the organized and drilled band squeezed themselves in. As their relations with the City Marshal and Police were upon a footing of amity which might have rejoiced the cockles of the heart of Mr. Burritt and the Frankfort Convention, they had no interruption in their disturbance, or, as Sir Piercie Shapton might vary the expression, no disturbance in their interruption. The Marshal and his men seemed to have a keen enjoyment of the entertainment set before them, and no disposition to annoy their entertainers. The riot could have been put down in fifteen minutes at the worst, and probably in five, had the Marshal done his simple duty. He and his retainers seemed to regard the blessed quietism of the gods of Epicures as the normal condition of a police officer. They were transcendental constables, æsthetic thief-takers, who considered their duty to be "a masterly inactivity." I think the Marshal himself must incline to liberal religious opinions, as he quite acted out the idea of an eminent Unitarian divine (Dr. Garnett), as to the relation of that denomination to Slavery, "that its Mission was Silence!" He was certainly a most strenuous missionary in this sort. He set a most excellent example of profound stillness, which, if the mob had only imitated, we should have done well enough.

I have been told, indeed, that he did once emerge from the retirement into which his shrinking nature had withdrawn him and blow his whistle. Upon which, the policemen in the Hall, in the most resolute manner, put their badges "all round their hats." He then disappeared. But soon after, whether on another signal or not I cannot tell, almost every one, in a manner equally intrepid, took off his badge again, and, as King Claudius did with the precious diadem of Denmark when he had stolen it from a shelf, "put it in his pocket!" It would not, therefore, be strictly correct to say that the Marshal and Police did nothing that night. They at least did as much as the Most Christian King celebrated in ballad history, "who marched up a hill and then marched down again." It was affirmed that the Marshal and Police excused themselves for their non-intervention, on the ground that no request was made to them by the officers of the meeting to interfere. It would have seemed as if their sense of politeness was so punctilious that they could not address a rioter unless they were formally introduced to him. As the Cambridge student, in the caricature, wrings his hands upon the banks of the Cam in which another student is drowning, and exclaims, "Would to God I had been introduced to that man, that I might take the liberty of saving his life!" I think, however, this Chesterfieldian delicacy must have been attributed to them by some admiring friend; for, in point of fact, the necessary request (supposing any to have been necessary) *was* made by the President; and, moreover, as there is an express law of the State protecting such meetings, the police were bound to see it obeyed, whether they were asked to do so or not, as soon as it was evident that the law was broken. A complaint against the Marshal for neglect of duty has been lodged with the Mayor and Aldermen; of the result of which, if anything comes of it, you shall be duly apprized.

On Monday evening last, there was a very successful Meeting of the Colored people to welcome Mr. Thompson, in the African Church in Belknap Street. There was a good deal of reason to apprehend a renewal of the riot of Friday night, and some of the friends of the colored people hardly thought it prudent to go on with it. But they were resolute to proceed, and it was very fortunate that they did. It was on that afternoon that the complaint against the Marshall was informally made. Whether this circumstance had any inspiring effect on the police, I cannot tell; but they did their business in a much more business-like and efficient way than at Faneuil Hall. All avenues to the Church were guarded, and no access allqwed except by that to the front door. No one was permitted to enter the building except people of color or such white persons as a Committee at the door recognized as friends. Thus the house was crowded as full as it could hold with a friendly audience. Mr. Garrison, Mr. Jackson, Messrs. Remond and Nell, were on the platform. Mr. Thompson was welcomed by Mr. Remond on behalf of the Meeting, after it had been opened by an appropriate Speech by Mr. Hilton, the Chairman. When he rose to reply, the whole house "rose at him," as Kean used to say, and the cheering and waving of hats and handkerchiefs continued for many minutes before he could be heard. As his excellent Speech is in print, I shall say no more about it than that it recalled to those who heard him in 1835 the memory of the glowing thoughts and burning words which then helped to set the country on fire with a conflagration beyond the art of any of our engineers at Washington to put out or put down. Mr. Phillips made one of his most brilliant speeches, on the spur of the occasion, he being called out (as were all the other speakers) entirely unepectedly. Mrs. Buffum, William H. Channing, Quincy, Garrison, and others, spoke briefly, and the meeting closed with the most enthusiastic unanimity. There had been some gatherings about the front of the house during the evening; but the police preserved street order, and would not allow a single cheer even for Daniel Webster.

The meeting at Worcester on Saturday, being an adjournment of that at Faneuil Hall, was of the most successful character. A large number went from Boston and the neighboring towns by special train, and a still larger concourse met them in the spacious Town Hall, collected from Worcester and the country adjacent for many miles. The hall was entirely filled even in the morning, which was a strong proof of the strong interest which the occasion excited. It is not an ordinary event that will take Brother Jonathan from his workshop or his merchandizing for a whole working-day, though he will occasionally give an afternoon or evening. The organization of the Meeting was, of course, the same as at the Faneuil Hall. Mr Garrison offered a stringent set of resolutions, which I doubt not you will lay before your readers. Mr. Phillips spoke to them, and at the close of his speech introduced Mr. Thompson, who was received with a most enthusiastic and unanimous welcome He spoke with excellent effect, and at the conclusion of his speech the morning session was adjourned. In the afternoon the hall was even fuller than in the morning. Mr. Remond spoke first, and was followed by Mr. Thompson in a very powerful and telling speech. Mr. Burleigh followed him, and Mr. Garrison concluded the afternoon's session. It was altogether a most satisfactory and encouraging occasion, showing that the city does not in all cases give the key-note to the country. Mr. Thompson has been invited by the citizens of Worcester, with the Mayor at their head, to address them, which he will do some evening this week. To-morrow he addresses the citizens of Lynn on a similar invitation.

I had intended giving you some account of the election here, the defeat of the Whigs, and the doings concerning Mr. Mann. But they must wait. I have not forgotten my promise to give you some account of Samuel A. Elliot, our Representative in Congress. But, as he has taken his place, such as it is, in permanent history, there is no hurry. He is a man that thinks no small beer of himself, if he be not belied, but I imagine he little dreamed of achieving an historical immortality so easily as he has done. But more anon.

D. Y.

Letter from J. W. Walker.

UTICA, Nov. 20, 1850.

MR. EDITOR: Last evening I attended a meeting in Mechanic's Hall, held pursuant to a call issued in the *Morning Herald*, to take into consideration the Fugitive Slave Bill, its bearing upon citizens, and the necessities of those who have been driven by its enactment into Canada." The meeting, consisting of perhaps 500 or 600 citizens, was organized by the appointment of Dr Goodsell to the Chair. After the appointment of other necessary officers, the Rev. Mr. Walker, editor of the *American Baptist* in this city, made a brief statement of the object for which the meeting had been called. A committee was appointed to draft resolutions, expressive of the sentiment of the meeting upon the "Bill" under consideration, and while they were absent, Rev. Mr. Post occupied the time with a speech, denunciatory of the Bill, and declarative of the speaker's firm determination, rather to submit to the penalties than to obey the provisions of the enactment. The speech was well received by the congregation. Mr. Walker, chairman of the committee, read their report, consisting of a series of resolutions of a strong Anti-Slavery character. The first resolution, declaring the Bill unconstitutional, was passed by a heavy majority, the speeches evincing a strong feeling against the odious measure throughout the audience. The second resolution, declaring a determination to regard the law as a nullity, was opposed by Col. John E. Hinman, of this city, who, in a short speech, made some very remarkable declarations of what he regarded as personal rights and duties, tendencies of the Bill to interfere with said rights, &c., &c. Among other things, he said that he believed the letter of the Constitution should be obeyed, notwithstanding there was a higher law; that the Constitution made it our duty to *suffer* the slave to be taken back to his master. But the Bill commanded us to *aid* in his return; therein consisted the difference—and he was willing to have the fugitive returned, but did not wish to be obliged to rise from his warm bed at any hour to "chase niggers." I use his own beautifully *classical* expression. He seemed to suppose that the enactment was *law*, that we should "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," &c., *ergo* we should obey the statute, until it should be repealed. Mr. Walker replied, sustaining the resolutions, taking the position that to obey the Constitution would be to disregard the Bill, and *vice versa*.

Col. Hinman moved to erase the resolution. The motion was lost.

A spirit of disorder began to manifest itself among a certain class in the back part of the house, in shouting, hissing, stamping, calling for favorite speakers, &c., &c. Amidst this clamor, three or four of the resolutions were very good-naturedly considered and adopted.

The sixth resolution expressing "our opinion that it is the duty of our State Legislature, to prohibit the use of the jails for the confinement of persons claimed as fugitives," &c., &c., was declared by the aforementioned Colonel Hinman, to be a declaration of war against the Constitution. (Cries of "turn him out," and hissings, all in perfect good humor.)

Mr. Post replied that the State owned her own prisons, and was responsible for their use, that the resolution was not and could not be construed in any way opposed to the Constitution, ("turn him out," "Abby Kelley," "George Thompson," &c., &c. Much laughter.)

The Resolution was lost, (cheers, hisses, groans, and laughter.)

Under these circumstances it was not thought advisable to present the other resolutions, and the meeting adjourned.

On the whole, it has done good. The spirit of conversatism, is, or rather has been, in the ascendant in this city. "Hunkerism" and "National Whiggism," carries the day here, against radicalism and reform. The meeting is considered rather a triumph than a failure, though the opposers of free principles claim that it failed. The interruption was occasioned by boys and rowdies, and was met with indifference, so that no hostility was engendered, and no personal feeling exhibited.

With reference to the influences here the *Morning Herald* is *carefully* opposed to the Fugitive Bill, the other two daily papers favor an observance of what they call *law*, singing the tune of *Union, Union*, ringing the changes in every possible manner, talking of the Constitutional compromises, submission to the "powers that be," law and order against anarchy and confusion, &c., &c. With reference to the other papers, the *American Baptist*, is opposed to Slavery in every form, and advocates opposition to it in Church and at the ballot-box. The other weeklies are silent or conservative. The Churches are like other Northern Churches, devoted to the gospel, *among the heathen*, and bitterly lamenting the fanaticism of those who "would sow dissensions" among the *holy brotherhood*.

Yours, for the truth,

W. J. W.

Meeting at Worcester—Reception of George Thompson.

LEICESTER, Nov. 24, 1850.

DEAR MR. GAY: The meeting held at Worcester, yesterday, by adjournment from Faneuil Hall, Boston, for the purpose of giving a suitable reception and welcome to GEORGE THOMPSON, Esq., was all that the warmest friends of that gentleman could wish. If you have ever been in the City Hall at Worcester, you will recollect that it is one of the largest halls in Massachusetts, and comfortably seats an immense audience.—Such an audience filled it yesterday, an audience of self-respecting men and women, forming a most marked and favorable contrast to the vulgar young gentleman rowdies, who did the bidding of the Webster Whig *law and order* men, in disturbing, outraging, and breaking up the meeting at Faneuil Hall on Friday, 15th instant. Of that meeting I will now say nothing, as you have already before you abundant material for forming a correct opinion. But the sequel of the meeting will prove as gratifying, not only to Mr. Thompsons numerous friends, but to all friends of liberty, justice, and good manners, as the commencement of it (in Boston) was the reverse.

Punctually at half past ten o'clock yesterday, the meeting was called to order by the President, Mr. Quincy, of Dedham. Worcester county was largely represented in the meeting, and the Eastern and Western parts of the State kept not back. The citizens of Worcester took good care to do honor to their city by thronging the Hall from first to last. Mr. Quincy, in his opening remarks, briefly explained the reasons for holding the meeting, and for its adjournment to Worcester. In all his allusions to the distinguished guest of the meeting he was loudly cheered.

Mr. Garrison read a series of the most caustic resolutions that ever came from his pen, in which he did not fail to expose and fittingly rebuke the authors of the Faneuil Hall riot. Frequent and earnest applause burst from the audience during the reading of the resolutions.

Wendell Phillips then made an eloquent address, in which he reviewed the Anti-Slavery history of our country, since Mr. Thompson's former visit; he showed how the friends of the Anti-Slavery cause, more especially its enemies—chief among whom he counted *Daniel Webster*—had contributed to promote it; and welcomed GEORGE THOMPSON to Massachusetts, and to the Heart of the Commonwealth, in the name of all friends of impartial liberty.

When Mr. Thompson arose and stood before the audience, he was greeted with applause, loud and long, and was cheered with great enthusiasm. He spoke for about an hour, in a strain of great eloquence, being often and warmly applauded. At the close of his speech, the meeting adjourned to 2 o'clock.

At the appointed hour, the Hall was again filled and more densely than in the morning. The opening speech was made by Charles L. Remond of Salem, who expressed the gratitude which the colored people cherish to Mr. Thompson, for his early, faithful and unchanging friendship, manifested equally at home and abroad.

Mr. Thompson again spoke, affording great pleasure to the vast audience, of which they gave unequivocal testimony by their hearty applause. Throughout the day not a single discordant note or expression was heard in the meeting. Charles C. Burleigh, of Connecticut, made the closing speech, in his best manner. After which, Mr. Garrison rose to give the pleasant information that, when the fact of the Faneuil Hall disturbance became known in Worcester, a paper was drawn up, inviting Mr. Thompson, in a very courteous and complimentary manner, to visit Worcester and address the people there. This invitation, signed by many of the most intelligent and influential citizens of Worcester, was communicated to Mr. Thompson several days since, and by him accepted. A distinct meeting, for this purpose, is to be held at an early day. This announcement was received with applause, and cheers for the City of Worcester.

In a few concluding words, Mr. Thompson expressed the satisfaction, *and more than satisfaction*, that he felt in the reception which had been so cordially and kindly extended to him by his friends in the old Bay State, and by the people of Worcester in particular. Mr. Thompson's manner is unusually pleasant and attractive, and very many persons will feel, after yesterday's meeting, a new and very deep interest in his welfare. You will be glad to learn that a full report of the speeches at this meeting will be speedily published.

Truly, yours, S. M. Jr.

LECTURES BY GEORGE THOMPSON, ESQ. M. P.

At the earnest invitation of numerous friends, this distinguished philanthropist and eloquent orator has consented to deliver a course of

FIVE LECTURES,

in Boston, to commence on Tuesday evening, December 3d, and to continue on Friday, the 6th; Tuesday, the 10th; Friday, the 13th; and Tuesday, the 17th of December.

The first three Lectures will embrace the *History, Condition and Prospects of British India*; the last two will be on the *Reform Movements of Great Britain*

Further particulars will be hereafter announced.

Tickets for the Course, One Dollar each. Single Lecture Ticket, 25 cents. For sale at 21 Cornhill, and at the several Bookstores.

Poetry.

For The Standard.

THE HEROSHIP OF SHAME.

BY WM. J. YOUNG.

Inscribed to an eminent Southern Statesman.

Beneath yon palm grove's leafy shade
Now drap'd in dewy tears,
Where morn in beauty dwells, o'erlaid
With sunshine soft in gems arrayed,
A new made grave appears.

There, too, in outlines deep is seen
(The moral of all fame),
Within that soft and sylvan scene,
A tall, wan man of fitful mien,
But haught, relentless aim.

He stands him now anear that grave,
Aweary, lone and grey,
The sands upon whose borders cave
As near it treads a toil-worn slave;
By stealth come forth to pray.

But lo, he marks his master's brow,
And dreads his eye of flame,
Now cast with doubt, now bent with woe,
Now flashed with passion's darkling glow,
Now shrinking as in shame.

And could not pray nor bend him down
To weep upon the sod,
For every selfish grief had flown
That brought him forth in sorrow lone
To supplicate his God.

The master-woe of life was there!
Upon that tall man's brow
Sate baffled pride with dull despair;
And o'er his fading hopes a glare
Few mortals feel or know.

For that gaunt man had been, what few
In this brief life may be,
A conquering spirit darkly true,
But to the world's astounded view
"The soul of Chivalry!"

Stern and unbending, thro' a life
Prolong'd beyond most men,
And ever foremost in the strife
Where warring passions to the knife
Nor love, nor mercy ken!

Such that proud man, now wan and weak!
As feeble as a child
Reclining 'gainst its mother's cheek,
Whose languid eyes in anguish seek
To be of pain beguil'd.

He must not stand so near that grave!
Nor thus lay bare his woe,
Its verge beneath his feet may cave
And that once stalwart man and brave
One sand may conquer now!

And lo, behold him fainting lie
In yon sad negro-cave
Borne there alone with grief and sigh,
With throbbing heart and tear-dim'd eye,
By his poor bonded slave.

Breath! Breath! his panting spirit seeks
More piercingly his eyes,
But ere his lips his want be-peaks,
Fresh hue springs to his palid cheeks:
His slave all need supplies.

But logic deep, nor talent now,
Nor medic art, nor skill
Can backward bring to that pale brow
Those passion-thoughts that burn and glow,
And list'ning senates thrill!

The slave is now the monarch here,
"*That soulless son of toil!*"
What stays his hand from vengeance drear?
Fit chance and motive here appear,
Space, passion and a moil!

For lesser cause, if nobler aim,
Full oft his master slew
His victims, struggling for a name
Upon the blazon'd scrool of fame,
As deed to valor due!

For slighter still had bent to toil
In bondage deep and vile,
Upon their own, their native soil
Score victims of his lust for spoil,
Ambition, pride and guile!

Why sleeps the vengeance of the slave?
His tears, whence do they flow?
Why rests upon his brow that grave
Impassion'd thought, alone the brave
Or truly noble know?

Lo, too, he mourns in that sad hour,
Mourns for his master too—
E'en prays that God will him empower
To shield and save and e'en endower
To nourish and renew.

Aye, from the very grave to bring
Aback that iron soul,
Whose every thought was e'er a-wing,
And every passion fierce a-spring,
To trample and control!

To bind—enslave—and people earth
With that abhorrent crime,
That ne'er had respite, since the birth
Of av'rice spread its moral dirth
Along the course of time!

Poor slave—'twere sin to love or hate,
Thy dull'd impassive brain;
'Tis the lone solace left thy fate
To be bereft of pride's estate,
And ignominy's stain!

But to thy master would I pray,
Ere yet he sinks in death;
While yet his pulses feebly play,
And failing passions meet decay
And flits his parting breath.

List, man of iron! Hero, Sage!
Whiche'er thou claim'st to be,
Gaze backward on thy country's page,
Thence forward to the hast'ning age,
And answer thou to me.

Did ever since the birth of time
A brighter prospect gleam?
Or ever 'neath another clime
So free of mortal woe and crime,
Joys more or truer beam?

Contrast with these what ere hath been.
And from progression draw;
What shines upon yon open ng scene
With glowing brow and godlike mien,
Scarce dim'd with earthly flaw.

Wouldst thou that dreamlike promise shade?
Cast doubt upon man's path?
Infect his aims, his hopes degrade,
Or by unhallowed zeal betrayed
His idols crush in wrath.

His best estate's but slightly blest,
His joys if sweet, most rare;
Durst thou his noblest thought infest
With av'rice, pride, and schemes unblest.
And chain him to despair?

Or durst thou on thy country's heart
Engrave the miser's lust—
The tyrant's hate—the slave's dread mart;
Each grov'ling passion dark, and art
Born heirs of dirth and dust!

Avaunt the thought—be great as brave,
Die the beloved of fame,
And leave to witling, rake or knave,
What only these may nobly crave—
THE HEROSHIP OF SHAME!

When Cate fell, all Rome lay dead
And Nero's spirit rose:
If thou succeedest o'er thy head
And on thy Country's, drear, and dread,
Is 'grav'd all endless woes.

Miscellany.

THE PASTOR OF ST. AGATHY.

In the most remote and unknown part of the *Departement des Deux Sevres*, there existed in 1793 a little village of poor peasants, under the name and patronage of St. Agathy. It contained about forty houses, which might more properly be called huts, for their roofs were composed of reeds and straw, and their walls but a miserable union of woodwork and clay. There lived here, however, a community distinguished both for simplicity of manners and firmness of religious principle. Its pastor had taken his post here at the age of twenty-five, and had ever since shared the joys and sorrows of his flock, living like themselves in a miserable hut, satisfied with the same meagre fare, and doing his duty in every respect, with that faithful zeal which only a deep inward piety can stimulate. Thus he had spent fifty years, and had won the hearts of all his parishioners who loved and reverenced him as a father. He had during this time declined all propositions for bettering his position: partly from love for those under his charge, partly from fear that no other pastor would remain long in such a poor parish: and therefore he became old on the same spot, amid the same poverty, doing all the good he could in his narrow sphere, for which he felt himself richly rewarded by the childlike love of his little flock.

As the French revolution broke out, the pastor of St. Agathy began to fear that neither he nor his little parish would be spared from the all-visiting storm One day he received orders from the chief place of the department to swear to what was then called the civil constitution of the clergy, or to give up immediatly his post, and quit his parish. The good man was so little acquainted with political matters, that he did not at first know what was required of him: but as a copy of the constitution accompanied the orders, he lost no time in studying its contents, and came to the conviction that he could neither acknowledge nor swear to it. Still less did he think himself bound to obey the orders by leaving his parish. He continued, therefore, to remain at St. Agathy, and to perform his clerical offices as if nothing uncommon had happened, believing himself acting according to his duty and conscience.

Meanwhile this measure, to which many other clergymen also refused to conform, began to create troubles, particularly in the Department of the West. After the authorities had forcibly removed many of the opposing clergymen, the discontented parishes united themselves in a formal alliance, and prepared to defend themselves by arms against all violence.—Thus was developed by degrees an insurrection, which from a mere spark became a raging flame.—The National Convention, informed of the state of things, ordered out troops to restore tranquillity wherever it was disturbed. Commissaries were appointed with full powers. Such a commissary came to Niort, the chief place of the department to which St. Agathy was situated.

This man was of a cruel nature, and believed himself bound to act with severity against all who resisted. He ordered all insubordinate clergymen to be taken prisoners, putting a price upon the head of such as could not be found. The pastor of St. Agathy could evidently not escape the prescription, and one evening accordingly the news spread that the next day a company of soldiers was to come from Niort, to take him prisoner. The communal council immediately assembled. Of resistance there could be no question, as it would have been useless. Yet the worthy pastor, whose safety was the subject of universal anxiety, could not be forsaken. It was therefore resolved to bring him to a place of safety, which had already been found out. He opposed at first, and said he would willingly endure whatever Heaven ordained for him. He suffered himself, however, finally to be led by his faithful parishioners to a coal hut in the forest, where four armed men remained with him, both to prevent him from delivering himself up voluntarily, and to defend him in case of necessity

The following day, eighty soldiers, with two cannon, made their appearance at the village, to get possession of the weak old man. The leader of the troop made the inhabitants acquainted with the object of his visit, and demanded of them, in the name of the law, to deliver up their pastor, without hesitation. As the command was not obeyed, the soldiers began a search. They searched every room and corner of the parsonage, but in vain—broke open the doors of the church, ravaged and desecrated every part of it, but found not what they sought; and finally went again from house to house, but all to no purpose. The priest of St. Agathy was now declared criminal before the law, and the price of 20,000 francs set upon his head. The whole village was then set on fire, and amid the desolation they had produced, marched forth the soldiers to the sound of the drum.

Towards evening the pastor was informed that the danger was past; but he did not know at what price his parishioners had paid for his safety. He returned with those who accompanied him, not to the village of St Agathy, but to the smoking ruins where it had once been. No words can express the deep pain he felt as he saw the desolation of the scene, in which the families to which he had so long administered were gathered in the open air robbed of their all. With streaming eyes, he reproached them for not having hindered so great a misfortune. "Would it not have been better to have delivered the old man of three score and ten, who has at the most but a short time to live, and thus have saved the rest!"—They answered him that he was the father of the community, and that good children should shun no sacrifice for their father. He rejoined, that such a sacrifice was worthy of equal love, and that he hoped to show them on his part what he was able to do for his children.

Three days after, as the commissary, or *representant* of the convention, sat in his cabinet at Niort, an old bald-headed man was led before him, supported upon a stick, his shoes covered with dust, and wearing the gown of a priest sadly worse of the wear.—The old man approached and said: "Citizen representant, you have made known at St. Agathy that 20,000 francs will be given to him who shall deliver up the head of the pastor of that village. I am ready to earn the prize."

Much as the representative was acquainted with the baseness of men, he was yet astonished at such a proposition from a man who was himself evidently so near his own end.

"Priest," said he, "thou makest me a proposition, which, for a man of thy age and profession, must fill me with astonishment."

"Not so much as you think! Do you accept my offer?"

"Who art thou, that thou wilt sell the life of thy fellow-priest?"

"What has that to do with the matter, if I only keep my word? I ask you again, do you accept my offer?"

"I accept it, but may the blood shed fall upon thy head!"

"Be it so—you will pay me the sum promised?"

"Thou shalt have it."

"Can you not add something to it?"

"Thou old miser, dost thou not find thyself well enough paid for thy baseness?"

"Well, well, we will let it stand at twenty thousand francs."

"I have one thing still to remark. You must promise to let me use the money as I wish."

"As soon as thou hast received thy reward it is thy property, and thou canst do with it what thou wilt."

"I know that; but I have my reasons for being particular on this point.,,

"Little as I see thy reasons, I give thee my word of honour that no difficulties shall be raised that would affect the in laying out thee money."

"That is enough. I am myself the pastor of St. Agathy," and deliver myself into your hands. Give me now the money!"

"You are!" exclaimed, in surprise, the representative.

"I am," answered the old man, calmly.

"What do you wish to do with this money? And do you not know the punishment that awaits you?"

"I know all that, and your threats are superfluous. Let me now receive the promised sum, and be brought once more to my parishioners of St. Agathy."

"What do you wish to do there?"

"You will learn that. I have performed my promise; now perform yours."

"It shall be done."

The representative ordered 20,000 francs, in assignats to be paid over to the old man, who, after putting them in his pocket repeated his wish to be brought once more to the ruins of his desolated parish.

The inhabitants of St. Agathy had been filled with the greatest uneasiness at the sudden disappearance of their pastor.

As they went to call him one morning to prayer, they found the hut empty which they had built in haste for him, and they had sought him everywhere in vain, till finally they saw him coming in a waggon escorted by soldiers. Old and young rushed to meet him, lifted him from the waggon, surrounded him, and kissed his hands and the hem of his gown. After the first salutations were over, he addressed them as follows:—"You have been discontented with me, my dear children, and have thought I had left you without a farewell and without thanks; but it is not so. Friends who have lived together in joy and sorrow fifty years do not part thus. I had some business to do at Niort, and as I feared you would not agree to my journey there, I went without your knowledge. My business is now arranged according to my wish, and I come back to speak a word of confidence with you. To save the life of a weak old man, you have sacrificed all that you possessed. It is my duty to be thankful to you for it, and I bring you therefore the means to repair the loss. In this pocket book are 20,000 francs, which you can share among you, in proportion to the loss you have suffered. Ask not how I have received this money; that is a secret which will hereafter be known. I must return with the men who have brought me here; but we shall certainly see each other again, sooner or later. When, I cannot exactly say. Until that time, remain as you have ever been, industrious, honest and pious, and at peace with each other, as becomes good children. Love one another brotherly, live in the fear of the Lord, and forget not your old pastor, whom you will all see again where there is peace and rest, undisturbed by the storms of life. Kneel down, my children, that I may give you my blessing."

At these words all fell upon their knees, even the hardhearted soldiers themselves. The old man raised his eyes towards heaven, clasped his hands upon his breast, and called down the blessing of the Almighty, both upon his friends and his enemies.

After closing his prayers, he turned and said to the soldiers that formed his escort, "Gentlemen, I am now at your service."

They put him again upon the waggon and drove back to Niort, the whole parish following behind.—He was not giving up to the executioner. The representative would not take the responsibility of executing such a noble old man, but sent him to Nantes, where however, three months after, he found a martyr's death in the waves of the Loire.

The village of St. Agathy was never again built. The families who had composed it, and who were long in uncertainty about the fate of their pastor became seperated, and settled in different neighbouring places, and the ploughshare now passes over the hallowed spots where their infancy was cradled, and where the bones of their forefathers rest.

THE MILLION MEN.

In Hamlet's day, to be a man of "ten thousand" was accounted a distinction, worthy of special reference: our own age has a particular regard for the man of "a million." Nothing so rouses the general attention of the country as that simple dissyllable; and when the report arises of an inheritance beyond the water, a controversy in the courts of law, or any other incident or procedure, coupled with that melodious noun-substantive, it challenges our hearing like the deep roll of the organ in the cathedral, or the ring of the trumpet over the field of battle, and silences, for the time, in society, on the Exchange, and in all companies, every other intonation.

Its power is, perhaps, felt the most when it is sounded from the death-bed of some aged man, and echoes from the clauses of his last will and testament, as in the recent example of Mr. McDonogh, of New Orleans, who is presented in his personality by one of the leading journals of that metropolis, as having, by his long residence, his immense wealth, his peculiar habits and appearance, made his name familiar, not only there, but everywhere in the State, as a household word. He seemed to many, a being apart from his fellow-men. While youth, and strength, and health, and beauty were year after year struck down beside him, he moved on, tall, spare, erect, with sprightly step and look. Every school urchin recognised at a first glance the thin, sharp, intelligent face, the small, sparkling, brown eye, the long white hair, the neat, prim white cravat and high shirt collar, the well preserved old hat and blue umbrella, and the never-to-be-worn-out old fashioned, tight-fitting blue cloth dress coat and pantaloons, and well polished shoes.

Following the death, we have the customary speculations as to the disposal of his large property, estimated at several millions; the reading of the will in the District Court before a numerous audience: and an abstract in the newspapers of the provisions of the will itself. These, as in all similar cases, are in singular contrast and contradiction to the whole course of the testator's life. It would seem as if the millionaire, as in a theatrical performance, having played a sort of low comedy or close old man while living, had no sooner departed this world than rapidly shifting his garments and changing his countenance, he delighted to return upon us in the royal robe of a benefactor and prince, with the aspect of a prophet of goodness. There cannot be a doubt but that the writing of a will works an extraordinary change in the feelings and character of the penman. It brings him face to face with the realities and splendors of another existence; awakens whatever better and nobler qualities of his nature had slumbered to that eventful moment; and rouses to a preternatural activity, most of all, that conscience which is to walk with him through the valley of the shadow of death up to the final bar of account.

Men whose sole guide, whose favorite classic, through a long and busy career, was the red-ruled ledger of the counting-house, suddenly discover the existence of another Book: and they solemnly enjoin, as in this last example, the reading and diffusion of the Bible, as "the most precious of all gifts we have it in our power to give or they to receive." Religion, which had been thrust aside as a humble dependent or neglected as a poor relative, rises at once to the dignity of a mistress, and inherits the estate as a matter of right. Nothing vindicates the truth of everlasting revelation with more power, with clearer emphasis, than the testamentary bequests and injunctions of men who have put off its claim to the last hour of mortal delay. With this primary acknowledgment, Education comes forward upon the scene and claims her due; men of vast wealth who could scarcely read or write, who have never bestowed a shilling on schools or colleges, who would turn from a subscription list or a dedication with absolute contempt and loathing, in whose day of power and worldly prosperity, the idle scholar in his threadbare coat would be jerred at as "a useless member of society," a "non-producer"—wrack their brains and weary language in devising provision for academies, colleges, free schools, and "the general spread of useful knowledge among men." Then, too, the orphans of society, the neglected poor, appear in a sacred array before the dying eye, and make an appeal which cannot pass unheeded. They *must* be cared for. They are considered and addressed as brethren; tenderly thought of, and with a scripture consciousness that, in this hard world of unequal distribution, we shall have them always with us, the rich man appoints himself their friend and guardian, and solemnly summons corporations and magistrates to aid him in their care. It may be then, too, that he comes to consider the riches of this world as dross, and would shake from his shoulders a burden which has bowed his back and bent down his eyes from contemplating that heaven of Judgment to which he is advancing. He may, too, like the late John McDonogh, have a morality on the subject, concluding with "a very seriously penned advice to the poor to abandon their jealousy or envy of the rich: assure the poor man that the happiest lot in life is that of laborious industry acquiring a livelihood, and if he had children, 'which,' to use his own words, 'he had not,' he would, on dying, whatever his fortune might be, leave them no more than sufficient to encourage them to a life of industry. The rich man's lot he considered far from a happy one, and he held them to be, the 'reservoirs,' the provident people who garnered for the needy hour of the masses."

The senses even may grow finer and more justly apprehensive, and the departing millionaire, who never patronized concert or oratorio; who never tossed a copper from the window to the organ grinder: in whose desolate chamber no voice of melody was ever known, may require that "singing shall be taught, and the children instructed in sacred music," at his sole charge and expense. How the world fades before him, with all its vulgar claims, its business relations, its profits, speculations, lands, scrip, mortgages, and chattels; and the buried Man is resurrectionized from the depth of clay where he had lurked for three score years and ten, and advances to our view (if there had been truly a soul to be saved within him) with a radiance on his brow!

"And (I was near forgetting that) I have still to ask," says the will of McDonogh, the New Orleans Millionaire, "and it shall be the last, that it may be permitted, annually, to the children of the Free Schools, situated the nearest to the place of my interment, to plant and water a few flowers around my grave. This little act will have a double tendency. It will open their young and susceptible hearts to gratitude and love to their Divine Creator, for having raised up (as the humble instrument of His bounty to them) a poor, frail worm of earth like me, and teach them, at the same time, what they are, whither they come, and where they must return."

In spite of all that is prudent in worldly considerations, of peril as regards the penalties and awards of the other judgment, we are called on to read this Millionaire Chapter in Human Nature, over and over again. The duty is deferred to the last moment: ingenuity is taxed to guard it against defeat; and the Vulture of the Law, in spite of every most careful provision to the contrary, walks at the funeral and appoints himself chief Executor. The vast estate shrinks: the million, in practical effects, dwindles to a mill: and all that we have of a life of penurious economy, painful hoarding, and anxious bequests, is another memorial, erected at all this wasteful cost (but still well worth having), to the undying and overpowering claim of Conscience, Humanity, Nature, and Truth. McDonogh, Astor, Girard (as well as Howard and Borromeo), are witnesses to all that is best and holiest in our natures: although they put off the delivery of their testimony—resisting, striving, struggling with themselves to suppress it—to the last minute that their voices are audible on earth.—*Literary World.*

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

The Old School-house in District No. 5, stood on the top of a very high hill, on the north side of what was called the County road. The house of Capt. Clark, about ten rods off, was the only human dwelling within a quarter of a mile. The reason why this seminary of letters was perched so high in the air, and so far from the homes of those who resorted to it, was this:—Here was the centre of the district, near as surveyor's chain could designate. The people east would not permit the building to be carried one rod further west, and those of the opposite quarter were as obstinate on their side. So here it was placed; and this continued to be literally the "hill of science" to generation after generation of learners for fifty years.

The edifice was set half in Cap. Clark's field, and half in the road. The wood-pile lay in the corner made by the east end and the stone wall. The best roof it ever had over it was the changeful sky, which was a little too leaky to keep the fuel at all times fit for combustion without a great deal of puffing and smoke. The door step was a broad unhewn rock, brought from the neighboring pasture. It had not a flat and even surface, but was considerably sloping from the door to the road; so, that in icy times, the scholars, in passing out, used to snatch from the scant declivity the transitory pleasure of a slide. But look out for a slip-up, ye careless; for many a time have I seen urchin's head where his feet were but a second before. And once the most lofty and perpendicular pedagogue I ever knew, became suddenly horizontalized in his egress.

But we have lingered round this door-step long enough. Before we cross it, however, let us just glance at the outer side of the structure. It was never painted by man; but the clouds of many years had stained it with their own dark hue. The nails were starting from their fastness, and fellow-clapboards were becoming less closely and warmly intimate. There were six windows which here and there stopped and distorted the light by fractures, patches, and seams of putty. There were shutters of board like those of a store, which were of no kind of use excepting to keep the windows from harm in vacations, when they were the least liable to harm. They might have been convenient screens against the summer sun, were it not that their shade was inconvenient darkness. Some of these, from loss of buttons, were fastened back by poles, which were occasionally thrown down in the heedlessness of play, and not replaced, till repeated slams had broken a pane of glass, or the patience of the teacher. To crown this description of externals, I must say a word about the roof. The shingles had been battered apart by a thousand rains; and excepting where the most defective had been exchanged for new ones, they were dingy with the mold and moss of time.—The bricks of the chimney-top were losing their cement, and looked as if some high wind might hurl them from their smoky vocation.

We will now go inside. First, there is an entry which the District were sometimes provident enough to store with dry pine wood, as an antagonist to the greenness and wetness of the other fuel. A door on the left admits us to the school room. Here is a space about twenty feet long and ten wide, the reading and spelling parade. At the south end of it, at the left as you enter, was one seat and writing-bench, making a right angle with the rest of the seats. This was occupied in the winter by two of the oldest males in the school. At the opposite end was the magisterial desk, raised upon a platform a foot from the floor. The fireplace was on the right, half way between the door of entrance and another door leading into a dark closet, where the girls put their outside garments and their dinner baskets.—This also served as a fearful dungeon for the immuring of offenders. Directly opposite the fireplace was an false, two feet and a half wide, running up an inclined floor to the opposite side of the room. On each side of this were five or six long seats and writing-benches, for the accomodation of the school at their studies. In front of these, next to the spelling-floor, were low, narrow seats for abecedarians and others near that rank. In general, the older the scholar the further from the front was his location. The windows behind the back seat were so low that the traveller could generally catch the stealthy glance of curiosity as he passed. Such was the Old School House at the time I first entered it. Its subsequent condition and many other inconveniences will be noticed hereafter.

FIRST WINTER AT SCHOOL.

How I longed for the Winter school to begin, to which I looked forward as a relief to my do-nothing days, and as a renewal, in part at least, of the soft and glowing pleasures of the past Summer! But the schoolmaster, the thought of him was a fearful looking-for of frowns and ferulings. Had I not heard our Ben tell of the direful punishments of the Winter school; of the tingling hand, black and blue with twenty strokes, and not to be closed for a fortnight from soreness? Did not the minister and the schoolmaster of the preceding Winter visit together at our house, one evening, and did I not think the schoolmaster far the more awful man of the two?—The minister took me in his lap, gave me a kiss, and told me about his own little Charley at home, whom I must come see; and set me down with the impression that he was not half so terrible as I had thought him. But the schoolmaster condescended to no words with me. He was as stiff and unstooping as the long kitchen fire-shovel, and as solemn of face as a cloudy fast-day. A trifling incident happened which increased my dread, and darkened my remembrance of him by another shade. I had slyly crept to the table on which stood the hats of our visitors, and in childish curiosity had first got hold of a glove, then a letter, which reposed in the crown of the magisterial head-covering. The owner's eye caught me at the mischief, and he gave me a look and a shake of his upper extremity, so full of "Let it alone or I will flog you" in their meaning, that I was struck motionless for an hour with fright and had hard work to dam up, with all the strength of my quivering lips, a choking baby cry. Thenceforth schoolmasters to my timid heart were of all men the most to be dreaded.

The winter as length came, and the first day of the school was fixed and made known, and the longed-for morning finally arrived, With hoping yet fearing heart, I was led by Ben to school. But my fears respecting the teacher were not realized that winter. He had nothing particularly remarkable about him to my little mind. He had his hands too full of the great things of the great scholars to take much notice of me, excepting to hear me read my Abs four times a-day. This exercise he went through like a great machine, and I like a little one; so monotonous was the humdrum and regular the recurrence of *ab, eb, ib, ob, ub*, &c., from day to day, and week to week. To recur to the metaphor of a ladder by which progress in learning is so often illustrated. I was all summer on the lowest round, as it were, lifting first one foot and then the other, still putting it down in the same place, without going any higher; and all winter, while at school, I was as wearily tap-tapping it on the second step, with the additional drawback of not having Mary Smith's sweet manners to win me up to the stand, help me cheerfully though the task, and set me down again, pleased with her it with nothing else.

There was one circumstance, however, in the daily routine which was a matter of some little excitement and pleasure. I was put into a class Truly my littleness, feelingly, if not actually and visibly, enlarged itself when I was called out with Sam Allen, Henry Green and Susan Clark, to make our stand on floor as the sixth class. I marched up with the tread of a soldier: and, thinks I, "Who has a better right to be at the head than myself?" so the head I took, as stiff and straight as a cob. My voice, too, if it lost none of its treble, was pitched a key louder, as *a—b ab*, rang through the realm. And when we had finished, I looked up among the large scholars, as I strutted to my seat, with the thought, "I am almost as big as you now," puffing out my tiny soul. Now, moreover, I held the book in my own hand, and kept the place with my own finger, instead of standing like a very little boy, with my hands at my side, following with my eye the point of the mistress' scissors.

There was one terror at this winter school which I must not omit in this chronicle of my childhood. It arose from the circumstance of meeting so many faces which I had never seen before, or at least had never seen crowded together in one body. All the great boys and girls, who had been kept at home during the Summer, now left axes and shovels, needles and spinning-wheels, and poured into the Winter school. There they sat side by side, head after head, row above row. For this I did not care; but every time the master spoke to me for any little misdemeanor, it seemed as if all turned their eyes on my timid self, and I felt petrified by the gaze. But this simultaneous and concentrated eye-shot was the most distressing when I happened late, and was obliged to go in after the school were all seated in front of my advance. Those forty—I should say eighty eyes (for most of them had two apiece,) glancing up from their books as I opened the door, were as much of a terror to me as so many deadly gun-muzzles would be to a raw military recruit. I tottered into the room and toward my seat with a palsying dismay, as if every one was aiming an eye for my destruction.

The severest duty I was ever called upon to perform was sitting on that little front seat, at my first winter school. My lesson in the Abs conveyed no ideas, excited no interest, and, of course, occupied but very little of my time. There was nothing before me on which to lean my head, or lay my arms, but my own knees. I could not lie down to drowse as in summer, for want of room on the crowded seat. How my limbs ached for the freedom and activity of play! It sometimes seemed as if a drubbing from the master, or a kick across the schoolhouse, would have been a pleasant relief.

But these bonds upon my limbs were not all. I had trials by fire in addition. Every cold afternoon, the old fire place, wide and deep, was kept a roaring furnace of flame, for the benefit of blue noses, chattering jaws and aching toes, in the more distant regions. The end of my seat, just opposite the chimney, was oozy with melted pitch, and sometimes almost smoked with combustion. Judge, then, of what living flesh had to bear. It was a toil to exist. I truly ate the bread of instruction, or rather nibbled at the crust of it, in the sweat of my face—'*The District School as it was.*'

THE OLDEST MEETING-HOUSE IN THE UNITED STATES.

By comparison with nine tenths, say, of the rest of the Union, New England is venerable and ancient, and yet she can boast of but few antiquities. "Mayflower" furniture, uninterpreted hieroglyphics on Dighton Rock, the old Mill, or something else, in Newport, R. I., are about all of material things she claims as belonging to the dim past, except the Oldest Meeting-House now occupied in the U. States; a meeting house dating back to the days of Charles II., in which Peregrine White may have worshipped, and the Apostle Eliot bent in prayer; a meeting-house completed the year of William Penn's memorable treaty, when Newton and Locke were living, Milton departed only seven years, and a twelvemonth previous to the execution of Russell and Algernon Sidney, martyrs to the cause of liberty; a meeting-house echoing the anthems of praise before Captain Cook circumnavigated the world, or England owned more than a solitary trading station in the East Indies; a meeting-house "raised" July 26th, 27th, 28th, *sixteen hundred and eighty-one* (costing £430 in money and the old house), and opened for worship 8th of January, 1681-2! It still stands in Hingham, the birth-place of Professor Norton, Henry Ware, Jr. and others who have been defenders of a liberal faith—among clergy and laity who breathed the air of religious freedom in this ancient temple, the last monument of the plain, substantial, ecclesiastical structures of the Puritans. The location is elevated and commanding, on the great road to Plymouth. Originally the dimensions were—length 55 feet, breadth 45 feet, height of posts 20 to 21 feet, with galleries on one side and at both ends. Without materially altering its external appearance or form, additions were made first in 1730, and again in 1755. It is now a remarkable edifice, as contrasted with the slighter buildings of modern times, in a good state of preservation. The nearly square walls are covered with a pyramidal roof, from the centre of which rises the simple belfry and short steeple; inside the huge timbers and posts, shaped apparently by the skilfully wielded axe alone, stand boldly out, unsheathed and unfurred; the bell-rope hangs down into the "broad aisle," and the pews are the ancient pews, unaltered, seating the auditory in a variety of positions, relatively to the pulpit. From hints in history and tradition, it appears that the inhabitants of Hingham were not all of one mind, in regard to the erection of this meeting-house, more than a century and a half ago; and that the descendants of the men of old have not greatly departed from the example of their ancestors, in making the location of churches and school-houses special subjects of contention. The following is a list of the ministers of the First Congregational Society in Hingham:

	Settled.	Died.
1. Peter Hobart	Sep. 18, 1635.	Jan. 20, 1679.
2. John Norton,	Nov. 37, 1678.	Oct. 3, 1716.
3. Ebenezer, Gay, D.D.	June 11, 1718.	Mar. 18, 1787.
4. Henry Ware, D. D.	Oct. 24, 1787.	{ Resigned. May 5, 1805.
5. Joseph Richardson,	July 2, 1806 (present pastor).	

The four last named all officiated in the "Old Meeting-house." The first, Rev. Peter Hobart, died a little less than three years before its erection. Dr. Ware left to take the chair of the Hollis Professorship in Harvard College. At the time of the settlement of the present pastor, a dispute arose, more or less connected with the politics of those days,* with the particulars of which we are not acquainted, resulting in the establishment of another society (the Third Congregational), of which Rev. Henry Coleman was the first, Rev. Charles Brooks the second, and Rev. Oliver Stearns the third and present pastor. Three of the parishes in Hingham and one in Cohasset, originally a part of Hingham, are Unitarians; showing, in connection with other facts, that the "Old Colony" was one of the cradles at least of the liberal theology. Dr. Gay, it is said, exerted in his time a powerful anti-Calvinistic influence, and was a man of unusual ability. A parishioner of his, the Hon. Levi (Judge) Lincoln, of Worcester, at one period the only known and avowed Unitarian in the central part of the State, took a prominent part in the formation of the Second Congregational Society in that town, the society of which Dr. Bancroft was so long the honored and courageous minister. Four other Hingham men were also connected with that earliest Unitarian Church in the heart of the Commonwealth. * * * *—*Cor. Christian Inquirer.*

* A mistake; the dispute had originally nothing to do with politics; it was a much more serious matter.—[*Ed. Standard.*

The editor of the *Madison Record*, tells the following witty fable which is as good as anything we have seen out of Æsop. A pin and a needle, being neighbors in a work-basket, and both being idle, began to quarrel, as idle folks are apt to do:—

"'I should like to know,' said the pin, 'what you are good for, and how you expect to get through the world without a head?' 'What is the use of your head,' replied the needle, rather sharply, 'if you have no eye?' 'What is the use of an eye,' said the pin, 'if there is always something in it?' 'I am more active and can go through more work than you can,' said the needle. 'Yes, but you will not live long.' 'Why not?' 'Because you have always a stitch in your side,' said the pin. 'You are a poor, crooked creature,' said the needle. 'And you are so proud that you can't bend without breaking your back.' 'I'll pull your head off, if you insult me again.' 'I'll put your eye out if you touch me; remember your life hangs by a single thread,' said the pin. While they were thus conversing, a little girl entered, and undertaking to sew, she soon broke off the needle at the eye. Then she tied the thread around the neck of the pin, and, attempting to sew with it, she soon pulled its head off, and threw it into the dirt by the side of the broken needle. 'Well, here we are,' said the needle. 'We have nothing to fight about now,' said the pin. 'It seems misfortune has brought us to our senses.' 'A pity we had not come to them sooner,' said the needle. 'How much we resemble human beings, who quarrel about their blessings till they lose them, and never find out they are brothers till they lie down in the dust together as we do.'"

☞ A friend who passed a portion of the last summer at the little village of Kittery, Maine, opposite Portsmouth, N. H., found the following *bathetic* epitaph in its burial-ground:

"My life was lost in the raging seas,
A Sovereign God does as he please,
The Kittery friends, they did appear,
And my remains they buried here."

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

—A writer in *Notes and Queries* says that in some parts of Holland, the people, when a child is dying, "are accustomed to shade it by the curtains from the parent's gaze; the soul being supposed to linger in the body as long as a compassionate eye is fixed upon it."

—The Rev. Henry Wilberforce, Vicar of Farleigh, the Bishop of Oxford's eldest brother, has at length seceded to the Church of Rome, into which communion he has been received by the newly appointed Cardinal Archbishop of Mechlin.

—Near the pulpit of Dunstable Church there is a monument to the memory of a matron who bore nineteen children at five births:—thrice three and twice five! The *Gateshead Observer* designates this excellent wife "The Fruitful Vine of Dunstable."

—The same paper says that a rather ludicrous story is now going the rounds of the clubs with reference to a Yorkshire yeomanry corps. The other day, at York, while a captain was inspecting his troops upon parade, he observed one of his men decorated with a medal. "Hallos, my lad!" exclaimed the captain, "I did not know you were ever in the Regulars. What action did you serve in?" "Lawk, sir," replied the Yorkshire trooper, "I was never in t' wars, not I; but my old sow won this at the Thirsk cattle show; so I pops him on t' my breast, thinking as how it looks warlike." The editor adds, "And a very honorable medal too."

—Scott's "Waverly."—Some years ago, a gentleman of my acquaintance, now residing in foreign parts, told me the following story:—"Once upon a time the great unknown being engaged in a shooting-match near his dwelling, it came to pass that all the gun-wadding was spent, so that he was obliged to fetch paper instead. After Sir Walter had come back, his fellow-shooter chanced to look at the succedaneum, and was not a little astonished to see it formed part of a tale written by his entertainer's hand. By his friend's urgent inquiries, the Scotch romancer was compelled to acknowledge himself the author, and to save the well nigh destroyed manuscript of 'Waverly.'" I do not know whether Sir Walter Scott was induced by this incident to publish the first of his tales or not; perhaps it occurred after several of his novels had been printed. Now, if anybody acquainted with the anecdote I relate should perchance hit upon my endeavor to give it an English garb, he would do me a pleasure by noting down the particulars I might have omitted or mis stated. I never saw the fact recorded.—*Notes and Queries.*

—An Arabian Legend of Charity.—The following story is told by the Arabs respecting Mount Moriah, the place where the temple of Jerusalem formerly stood, and where the mosque of Omar now stands. It is narrated in a book just published by the Rev. Moses Margoliouth:—"This site was formerly a ploughed field, possessed in common by two brothers One was married and had several children; the other was a batchelor; nevertheless, they lived together in perfect concord, cultivating the patrimony they jointly inherited from their father. Harvest-time arrived. The brothers wisped their sheaves, and apportioned them into two equal heaps, which they left in the field. During the night, a happy thought occurred to the unmarried brother: he said to himself: "My brother has a wife and children to support; is it, then, just that my portion of the harvest should equal his?" On that he arose, and took down from his heap several sheaves, which he added to his brother's. This was done with as much modesty as if he had been observing caution, while doing a bad action. His motive was that his fraternal offering should not be refused. The other brother awoke the same night, and said to his wife: 'My brother lives alone, and without company; he has no one to assist him in his labor, or to recompense him for his fatigues; whilst God has given me a wife and children. It is not right that we should take from the field so many sheaves as he, since we have already more domestic felicity than he enjoys. If you consent to it, we will, as a compensation, and without his knowing it, increase his portion of the harvest by adding to his heap a certain number of our sheaves.' The project was approved, and put in execution. The next day the brothers repaired to the field. Each was surprised to see that the two heaps were still equal During several nights the same conduct was repeated; for, as each of them carried to the portion of his brother the like number of sheaves, the heap always remained the same. But, one night, both resolved to watch the cause of this miracle, when they met face to face, each bearing the sheaves which they had mutually destined for the other; and all was cleared. They threw themselves into each other's arms, each thanking heaven for having so good a brother. The spot where so good a thought occurred at the same time, and with so much credit to two brothers, must be a place agreeable to God. Good men blessed it, and Israel chose it to build thereon a house of worship to the Lord."

—Knebworth, Sir E. Bulwer's Seat.—Some letters have appeared in the *Preston Chronicle*, descriptive of Knebworth, the seat of one of the most fortunate of our literary men. The paper in the "Student" does not enter into details, and gives no idea of the interior splendor of the building. The writer in the *Chronicle*, attempting to do so, says,—"Let the reader recal the most magnificent apartment he has seen; transform the furniture into the richest specimens of the antique on which his eyes have lingered, and then proceed, in imagination, through a series of rooms—the 'western drawing-room,' the 'oval room,' the 'principal drawing-room,' with lobbies, landings, boudoirs, and closets—the ceilings groined and gilt, the walls hidden with rich old tapestry and paintings, the chimney pieces elaborately sculptured, the windows filled with stained glass, telling their separate heraldric or historical stories; and the furnitnre, partly home-made